Micro-cosmographie:

Or, a Piece of the

WORLD

Discovered;

Robert Jamieson

IN

ESSAYES,

AND

CHARACTERS.

The Ninth Edition.

LONDON,

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Mr Ro: Blomall

To the

READER.

I Have (for once) adventured to play the Midwives part, helping to bring forth these Infants into the world, which the Father would have smothered: who having left them lapt up in loose Sheets as soon as his Fancy was delivered of them, written especially for his private recreation, to passe away the time in the Country, and by the forcible request of Friends drawn him: Yet

passing severally from hand to hand in written Copies, grew at length to be a pretty number in a little Volume: and among so many sundry dispersed Transcripts, some very imperfect and surreptitious, had like to have past the Presse, if the Author had not used speedy means of prevention: when perceiving the hazzard he ran to be wronged, was unwillingly willing to let them pass as now they appear to the world. If any faults have escaped the Presse, (as few Books can be printed without) impose them not on the Author I intreat Thee, but rather impute them to mine and the Printer's oversight, who seriously promise on the Re-im-

pression hereof, by greater care and diligence, for this our former default, to make Thee ample satisfaction. In the mean while I remain,

Thine

EDW. BLUNT.

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Micro-

Micro-cosmographie:

OR,

A Piece of the World Characteriz'd.

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1. *A Childe*

S a Man in a small Letter, yet the best Copy of *Adam* before he tasted of *Eve*, or the Apple; and he is happy, whose small practice in the world

world can onely write his Character. He is natures fresh picture newly drawn in Oyle, which time and much handling dims and defaces. His Soul is yet a white paper unscribled with observations of the World, wherewith at length it becomes a blurr'd Note-book. He is purely happy, because he knows no evil, nor hath made meanes, by sinne, to be acquainted with misery. He arrives not at the mischief of being wise, nor endures evils to come by foreseeing them. He kisses and loves all, and, when the smart of the rod is past, smiles on his beater. Nature and his Parents alike

dandle

dandle him, and tice him on with a bait of Sugar, to a draught of Worm-wood: he plays yet like a young Prentice the first day, and is not come to his task of melancholly. All the language he speaks yet is Tears, and they serve him well enough to expresse his necessity: his hardest labour is his tongue, as if he were loth to use so deceitfull an Organ, and he is best company with it, when he can but prattle. We laugh at his foolish sports, but his game is our earnest, and his Drums, Rattles and Hobby-horses, but the Emblems, and mockings of mens businesse: his Father hath writ him as

his

his own little ſtory, wherein he reads thoſe days of his life that he cannot remember; and ſighs to ſee what innocence he hath out-lived. The elder he grows, he is a ſtair lower from God; and like his firſt father, much worſe in his Breeches. He is the Chriſtians example, and the old mans relapſe: The one imitates his pureneſſe, and the other falls into his ſimplicity. Could he put off his body with his little Coat, he had got eternity without a burthen and exchang'd but one Heaven for another.

2. A Young raw Preacher.

IS a Bird not yet fledg'd, that hath hopt out of his nest to be cherping on a hedge, and will be stragling abroad at what peril soever. His backwardnesse in the University hath set him thus forward, for had he not truanted there, he had not been so hasty a Divine. His small standing and time hath made him a proficient onely in boldnesse, out of which and his Table-book he is furnisht for a Preacher. His Collections of Study are the Notes of Sermons, which, taken up at

Saint *Mary*'s he utters in the Country. And if he write *Brachygraphy*, his stock is so much the better. His writing is more than his reading, for he reads onely what he gets without book. Thus accomplished he comes down to his friends, and his first salutation is grace and Peace out of the Pulpit. His prayer is conceited, and commands the members his Colledge more at large. The piece of his Sermon is a full career; and he runs wildly over hill and dale, till the clock stop him. The labour of it is chiefly on his Lungs. And the onely thing he has made in it himself, is the Faces. He takes on

on against the Pope without mercy, and hath a jeſt ſtill in Lavender for *Bellarmine*. Yet he preaches hereſie if it comes in his way, though with a mind, I muſt needs ſay, very *Orthodox*: his action is all Paſſion, and his ſpeech interjections: he hath an excellent faculty in bemoaning the people, and ſpits with a very good grace: his ſtile is compounded of twenty ſeverall mens, only his body imitates ſome one extraordinary: he will not draw his handkerchief out of his place, nor blow his Noſe without diſcretion. His commendation is, that he never looks upon Book, and indeed he was never uſed to

it.

it. He preaches but once a year, though twice a Sunday: for the ſtuffe is ſtill the ſame, onely the dreſſing a little altered. He hath more tricks with a Sermon, then a Taylor with an old Cloak to turn it, and piece it, and at laſt quite diſguiſe it with a new preface. If he have waded further in his profeſſion, and would ſhew reading of his own, his Authors are Poſtills, and his School-divinity a Catechiſme. His faſhion, and demure habit gets him in with ſome Town preciſian, and makes him a gueſt on Friday-nights. You ſhall know him by his narrow Velvet-cape, and Serge-facing, and

and his Ruffe, next his hair, the shortest thing about him. The companion of his walk is some zealous Tradesman, whom he astonisheth with strange points, which they both understand alike. His friends and much paintulnesse may prefer him to thirty pounds a year, and this means, to a Chamber-maid, with whom we leave him now in the bonds of Wedlock. Next Sunday you shall have him again.

3. A grave Diuine.

IS one that knows the burden of his calling, and hath studied to make his shoulders sufficient

sufficient: for which he hath not been hasty to launch forth of his port, the University, but expected the ballast of learning, and the wind of opportunity. Divinity is not the beginning, but the end of his studies, to which he takes the ordinary stair, and makes the Arts his way. He counts it not prophaneness to be polisht with humane reading, or to smooth his way by *Aristotle* to School-Divinity: he hath founded both Religions, and anchor'd in the best, and is a *Protestant* out of judgement, not faction, not because his Country, but his reason is on this side. The Minority is his

his choyce, not refuge, and yet the Pulpit not his itch, but fear. In his discourse there is substance, not all rhetorick, and he utters more things than words. His speech is not help'd with inforced actions, but the matter acts it self. He shoots all his meditations at one Butt; and beats upon his Text, not the Cushion, making his hearers, not the Pulpit groan. In citing of Popish errours, he cuts them with Argument, not cudgels them with barren Invectives; and labours more to shew the truth of his cause than the spleen. His Sermon is limited by the method, not the hour-glasse,

and his Devotion goes along with him out of the Pulpit. He comes not up thrice a week, because he would not be idle; nor talkes three hours together, because he would not talk nothing: but his tongue preaches at fit times, and his conversation is the every-dayes exercise. In matters of ceremony he is not ceremonious; but thinks he owes that reverence to the Church to bow his judgement to it, and make more conscience of schisme than surplice. He esteemes the Churches Hierarchy as the Churches glory, and, however we jar with Rome, would not have our confusion distinguish

uiſh us. In *Symoniacall* pur-
haſes he thinks his ſoul goes
n the bargain, and is loth to
ome by promotion ſo dear.
et his worth at the length
dvances him, and the price
f his own merit buyes him a
ving. He is no baſe grater
f his Tythes, and will not
rangle for the odde Egge.
he Lawyer is the only man
e hinders, by whom he is
ighted for taking up quar-
els. He is a main pillar of our
hurch, though not yet Dean
or Canon, and his life our Re-
gions beſt Apology: his death
the laſt Sermon, where in the
ulpit of his Bed, he inſtructs
en to dye by his example.

4. *A modest man.*

IS a far finer man then he knows of, One that shews better to all men then himself, and so much the better to all men, as less to himself: for no quality sets a man off like this, and commends him more against his will: and he can put up any injury sooner then this (as he calls it) your Irony. You shall hear him confute his commenders, and giving reasons how much they are mistaken, and is angry almost if they do not believe him. Nothing threatens him so much as great expectation, which he thinks more

more prejudiciall, than your under-opinion, because it is easier to make that false, than this true. He is one that speaks from a good action, as one that had pilfered, and dare not justifie it, and is more blushingly reprehended in this, then others in sin. That counts all publick declarings of himself, but so many penances before the people; and the more you applaud him, the more you abash him, and he recovers not his face a month after. One that is easie to like any thing of another mans: and thinks all he knows not of him better then that he knows. He excuses that to you, which another

would impute, and if you pardon him, is satisfied. One that stands in no opinion because it is his own, but suspects it rather, because it is his own, and is confuted and thanks you. He sees nothing more willingly then his errors; and it is his error sometimes to be too soon perswaded. He is content to be Auditor, where he only can speak, and content to go away, and think himself instructed. No man is so weak that he is ashamed to learn of, and is lesse ashamed to confesse it: and he finds many times even in the dust what others overlook, and lose. Every mans presence is a kind of bridle to him,

him, to ſtop the roving of his tongue and paſſions: and even impudent men looke for this reverence from him, and diſtaſte that in him, which they ſuffer in themſelves, as one in whome Vice is ill ſavoured, and ſhewes more ſcurvily then another. A bawdy jeſt ſhall ſhame him more then a baſtard another man, and he that got it, ſhall cenſure him among the reſt. And he is coward to nothing more then an ill tongue, and whoſoever dare lye on him hath power over him, and if you take him by his look, he is guilty. The maine ambition of his life is not to be diſcredited: and for other things, his deſires are

more limited then his fortunes, which he thinks preferment, though never so mean, and that he is to do something to deserve this: He is too tender to venture on great places, and would not hurt a dignity to help himself. If he do, it was the violence of his friends constrained him, and how hardly soever he obtain it, he was harder perswaded to seek it.

5. *A meer dull Physitian.*

His practice is some businesse at bed sides, and his speculation an Urinal. He

is distinguisht from an *Emperick*, by a round velvet cap, and Doctors Gown, yet no man takes degrees more superfluously, for he is a Doctor howsoever. He is sworn to *Galen* and *Hypocrates*, as University men to their statutes, though they never saw them, and his discourse is all *Aphorismes*, though his reading be only *Alexis* of *Piemont*, or the *Regiment of Health*. The best Cure he hath done, is upon his own purse, which from a lean sicklinesse he hath made lusty and in flesh. His learning consists much in reckoning up the hard names of diseases, and the superscriptions of Gally-Pots in his A-

pothecaries Shop, which are rankt in his Shelves, and the Doctors memory. He is indeed only languag'd in diſeaſes, and ſpeaks Greek many times when he knows not. If we have been but a by-ſtander at ſome deſperate recovery, he is ſlandered with it, though he be guiltleſſe; and this breeds his reputation, and that his practice; for his skill is meerly opinion. Of all odours he likes beſt the ſmell of Urine, and holds *Veſpaſians* rule, that no gain is unſavory. If you ſend this once to him, you muſt reſolve to be ſick howſoever, for he will never leave examining your Water till he have ſhak't it into

to

to a diſeaſe. Then follows a Writ to his Drugger in a ſtrange tongue which he underſtands though he cannot conſter. If he ſee you himſelfe, his preſence is the worſt viſitation: for if he cannot heale your ſickneſs, he will be ſure to help it. He tranſlates his Apothecaries Shop into your Chamber, and the very Windowes and Benches muſt take Phyſick. He tells you your maladie in Greek, though it be but a cold, or head-ache: which by good endeavour and diligence he may bring to ſome moment indeed: His moſt unfaithfull act is, that he leaves a man gaſping, and his pre-

tence is death; and he hath a quarrell and muſt not meet, but his fear is, leſt the Carkaſſe ſhould bleed. Anatomies and other ſpectacles of Mortality have hardened him, and he is no more ſtruck with a Funerall then a Gravemaker. Noblemen uſe him for a director of their ſtomacks, and Ladies for wantonneſſe, eſpecially if he be a proper man. If he be ſingle, he is in league with his ſhe-Apothecary, and becauſe it is the Phyſitian, the husband is patient. If he have leiſure to bee idle (that is to ſtudy) he hath a ſnatch at *Atkins*, and is ſick of the Philoſophers ſtone, a diſeaſe uncurable, but

by

by an abundant *Phlebotomy* of the purse. His two main opposites are a Mountebank and a good Woman, and he never shewes his learning so much as in an invective against them and their Boxes. In conclusion he is sucking consumption himself, and a very brother to the wormes, for they are both ingendred out of mans corruption.

6. A meer empty wit.

IS like one that spends on the stock without any revenues coming in, and will shortly be no wit at all, for learning is the fewell to the fire of wit, which if it wants this

this feeding eats out it ſelfe. A good conceit or two bates of ſuch a man, and makes a ſenſible weakning in him: and his braine recovers it not a year after. The reſt of him are bubbles and flaſhes, darted out on the ſudden, which if you take them while they are warme may be laught at; if they coole, are nothing. He ſpeakes beſt on the preſent apprehenſion, for Meditation ſtupifies him, and the more he is in travell, the leſs he brings forth. His things come off then, as in a naufeating ſtomacke, where there is nothing to caſt up ſtraines, and convulſions, and ſome aſtoniſhing bumbaſt, which men

onely,

onely, till they understand, are scar'd with. A Verse or some such Worke he may sometimes get up to, but seldome above the stature of an Epigram, and that with some reliefe out of *Martiall*, which is the ordinary companion of his pocket, and he reads him as he were inspir'd. Such men are commonly the trifling things of the World, good to make merry the company, and whom onely men have to do withall, when they have nothing to doe, and none are lesse their friends, then who are most their company. Here they vent themselves over a cup some-what more lastingly, all their words goe for jests,

jests, and all their jests for nothing. They are nimble in the fancy of some ridiculous thing, and reasonable good in the expression. Nothing stops a jest when it is coming, neither friends nor danger, but it must out, howsoever, though their blood come out after, and then they emphatically rail, and are emphatically beaten, and commonly are men reasonable familiar to this. Briefly they are such whose life is but to laugh, and be laughed at: and only wits in jest, and fools in earnest.

7. *A meer Alderman.*

HEe is venerable in his Gown, more in his Beard, wherewith he sets not forth so much his own, as the face of a City. You must look on him as one of the Town Gates, and consider him not as a Body, but a corporation. His eminency above others hath made him a man of Worship, for he had never been preferred, but that he was worth thousands. He oversees the Common-wealth as his Shop, and it is an argument of his policy, that he hath thriven by his craft, he

He is a rigorous Magistrate in his Ward; yet his scale of Justice is suspected, lest it be like the Ballances in his Warehouse. A ponderous man he is, and substantial: for his weight is commonly extraordinary, and in his preferment nothing rises so much as his Belly. His head is of no great depth, yet well furnisht, and when it is in conjunction with his Brethren, may bring forth a *City Apophthegme*, or some such sage matter. He is one that will not hastily runne into error, for he treads with great deliberation, and his judgement consists much in his pace. His discourse is commonly the An-

nals

nals of his Mayoralty, and what good government there was in the days of his gold Chain: though his doorposts were the onley things that suffered reformation: He seems most sincerely religious, especially on solemne days; for he comes oft to Church to make a shew, and is a part of the Quire hangings. He is the highest stair of his profession, and an example to his Trade, what in time they may come to. He makes very much of his authority: but more of his sattin doublet; which though of good years, bears his age very well, and looks fresh every Sunday; But his Scarlet

let Gown is a Monument, and lasts from generation to generation.

8. *A Discontented man.*

IS one that is falne out with the World, and will be revenged on himself. Fortune hath denyed him in something, and he now takes pet, and will be miserable in spight. The root of his disease is a selfe-humouring pride, and an accustomed tenderneſſe not to bee croſt in his fancy; and the occasion is commonly one of these three: a hard Father, a peevish Wench, or his ambition

bition thwarted. He conſidered not the nature of the World till he felt it, and all blowes fall on him heavier, becauſe they light not firſt on his expectation. He hath now forgone all but his pride, and is yet vain-glorious in the oſtentation of his melancholy. His compoſure of himſelf is a ſtudied careleſneſſe with his arms a croſſe, and a neglected hanging of his head and cloak, and he is as great an enemy to an hat-band, as Fortune. He quarrels at the time, and up-ſtarts, and ſighs at the neglect of men of Parts, that is, ſuch as himſelf. His life is a perpetuall Satyre; and he is

ſtill girding the Ages vanity; when this very anger ſhewes he too much eſteems it. He is much diſpleaſed to ſee men merry, and wonders what they can finde to laugh at. He never drawes his own lippes higher than a ſmile, and frownes wrinkle him before forty. He at the laſt falls into that deadly melancholy to be a bitter hater of men; and is the moſt apt Companion for any miſchief. He is the ſpark that kindles the Commonwealth, and the bellowes himſelfe to blow it: and if he turn any thing, it is commonly one of theſe, either Fryer, Traytor, or Mad-man.

9. An Antiquary.

HE is a man ſtrangely thrifty of Time paſt, and an enemy indeed to his Maw, whence he fetches out many things when they are now all rotten and ſtinking. He is one that hath that unnatural diſeaſe to be enamored of old age and wrinckles, and loves all things (as Dutch men do Cheeſe) the better for being moûldy and worm-eaten. He is of our Religion, becauſe we ſay it is moſt ancient; and yet a broken Statue would almoſt make him an Idolater. A great admirer he is of the ruſt of old Monuments,

ments, and reads only those Characters, where time hath eaten out the letters. He will go you forty miles to see a *Saints Well*, or a ruined Abbey; and if there be but a Crosse or stone footstool in the way he will be considering it so long, till he forget his journey. His estate consists much in shekels, and Roman Coyns, and he hath more pictures of *Cæsar*, than *James* or *Elizabeth*: Beggars cozen him with musty things which they have rak'd from dunghills, and he preserves their rags for precious Reliques. He loves no Library, but where there are more Spider-volumes than Authors

and

and looks with great admiration on the Antique work of Cobwebs. Printed books he contemns, as a novelty of this latter age, but a *Manuscript* he pores on everlastingly, especially if the cover be all Moth-eaten, and the dust make a *Parenthesis* between every Syllable. He would give all the books in his study (which are rarities all) for one of the old Roman binding, or six lines of *Tully*, in his own hand. His chamber is hung commonly with strange Beasts skins, and is a kind of Charnell-house of bones extraordinary, and his discourse upon them, if you will hear him, shall last longer

er. His very attire is that which is the eldeſt out of fashion, and you may pick a *Criticiſme* out of his Breeches. He never looks upon himſelf till he is gray-hair'd, and then he is pleaſed with his own Antiquity. His Grave doth not fright him, for he hath been uſed to Sepulchres, and he likes death the better, becauſe it gathers him to his Fathers.

10. *A Drunkard.*

IS one that will be a man to morrow morning: but is now what you will make him, for he is in the power of the next man, and if a friend, the better.

better. One that hath let go himselfe from the hold and stay of reason, and lyes open to the mercy of all temptations. No lust but finds him disarmed and fencelesse, and with the least assault enters. If any mischief escape him, it was not his fault, for he laid as fast for it, as he could. Every man sees him, as *Cham* says his Father the first of this shane, *an uncovered man*, and though his garments [illegible], uncovered, the secreteit parts of his soul lying in the nakedst manner visible; all his passions come out now, all his vanities, and those shamefuller humours which discretion cloaths. His

body becomes at last like a myre way, where the spirits are beclog'd and cannot passe: all his members are out of office, and his heels do but trip up one another. He is a blind man with his eyes, and a Cripple with legs on. All the use he hath of this Vessell himselfe, is to hold thus much: for his drinking is but a scooping in of so many quarts, which are filled out into his body, and that filled out again into the Room, which is commonly as drunk as he. Tobacco serves to air him after a washing, and is his only breath, and breathing while. He is the greatest enemy to him-

himselfe, and the next to his friend, and then most in the act of his kindnesse, for his kindnesse is but trying a mastery who shall make down first: And men come from him as a battell, wounded, and bound up. Nothing takes a man off more from his credit, and businesse, and makes him more reckles, careless, what becomes of all. Indeed he dares not enter on a serious thought, or if he do, it is such melancholly, that it sends him to be drunk again.

11 A Younger Brother.

His elder Brother was the *Esau* that came out first, and left him like *Jacob* at his heeles. His Father has done with him, as *Pharaoh* to the Children of *Israel*, that would have them make brick, and give them no straw; so he takes him to be a Gentleman, and leaves him nothing to maintain it. The pride of his House hath undone him, which the elders Knighthood must sustaine, and his beggery that Knighthood. His birth and bringing up will not suffer him to descend to the meanes to get wealth: but

but he ſtands at the mercy of the World, and which is worſe, of his brother. He is ſomething better then the Servingmen; yet they more fancy with him, then he hold with the Maſter, who beholds him with a countenance of ſtern awe, and checks him oftner then his Liveries. His Brothers old ſuits and he are much alike in request, and caſt off now and then one to the other. Nature hath furnisht him with a little more wit upon compaſſion; for it is like to be his beſt revenue. If his Annuity ſtretch ſo far, he is ſent to the University, and with great heart-burning

takes upon him the Ministry, as a profession he is condemned to; by his ill fortune others take a more crooked path, yet the Kings high-way; where at length their Vizzard is pluckt off, and they strike sail for *Tyborne*: but their Brothers pride, not love, gets them a pardon. His last refuge is the Low-countries, where rags and lice are no scandal, where he lives a poor Gentleman of a Company, and dyes without a shirt. The onely thing that may better his fortunes, is an art he hath to make a Gentlewoman, wherewith he baites now and then some rich Widow that is hungry after his

Bloud.

Blood. He is commonly discontented and desperate, and the form of his exclamation is, *that should my brother*. He loves not his Country for this unnaturall custome, and would have long since revolted to the *Spaniard*, but for *Kent* onely, which he holds in admiration.

12. *A meer formall man.*

HIS somewhat more then the share of a man; for he hath his length, breadth, and colour. When you have seen his out-side, you have look't thorow him, and need im-

ploy your discovery no farther. His reason is meerly example; and his action is not guided by his understanding, but he sees other men do thus and he follows them. He is a *Negative*, for we cannot call him a wise man, but not a fool: nor an honest man, but not a knave; nor a Protestant, but not a Papist. The chief burthen of his brain is the carriage of his body, and the setting of his face in a good frame: which he performes the better, because he is not disjoynted with other Meditations. His Religion is a good quiet subject; and he prayes as he swears, in the phrase of the Land. He is a fair

faire guest, and a faire inviter, and can excuse his good cheere in the accustomed Apology. He hath some facultie in mingling of a Rabbet, and the distribution of his morsell to a neighbour trencher. He apprehends a jest by seeing men smile, and laughs orderly himself, when it comes to his turn. His businesses with his friends are to visit them, and whilst that businesse is no more, he can performe this well enough. His discourse is the newes that he hath gathered in his walke, and for other matters his discretion is that he will ponder what he can, that is, say nor thing. His life is like one that runs

runs to the Church walke, to take a turn or two, and so paſſes. He hath ſtay'd in the world to fill a number, and when he is gone, there wants one and there's an end.

13. A Church-Papiſt.

IS one that parts his Religion betwixt his conſcience and his purſe, and comes to Church not to ſerve God, but the King. The face of the Law makes him wear the maske of the Goſpel, which he uſes not as a means to ſave his Soul, but charges. He loves *Popery* well, but is loth to loſe by it, and though he be ſomething ſcared with the

the Bulls of Rome, yet they are far off, and he is struck with more terrour at the Apparitor. Once a month he presents himself at the Church, to keep off the Church-warden, and brings in his body to save his bayl. He kneels with the Congregation, but prayes by himself, and asks God forgivenesse for comming thither. If he be forced to stay out a Sermon, he pulls his hat over his eyes, and frowns out the hour, and when he comes home, thinks to make amends for his fault by abusing the Preacher. His main policy is to shift off the *Communion*, for which he is never unfurnisht of a quarrel, and

and will be sure to be out of Charity at *Easter*, and indeed he lies not, for he hath a quarrell to the *Sacrament*. He would make a bad Martyr, and a good traveller, for his conscience is so large, he could never wander out of it, and in *Constantinople* would be circumcised with a reservation. His wife is more zealous, and therefore more costly; and he hates her in tyres what she stands him in Religion. But we leave him hatching plots against the State, and expecting *Spinola*.

14. *A Prison.*

IS the grave of the living, where they are shut up from the world, and their friends and the worms that gnaw upon them; their own thoughts, and the Jaylour. A house of meager looks, and ill smells, of lice, drink, Tobacco, are the compounds; *Pluto's* Court was exprest from this fancy. And the persons are much about the same party that is there. You may ask as *Manippus* in *Lucian* which is *Nireus*, which *Therſites*, which the Beggar, which the Knight, for they are all suited in the same form of

of a kind of nasty poverty. Only to be out at elbowes is in fashion here, and a great Indecorum not to be threadbare. Every man shews here like so many wracks upon the Sea, here the ribs of a thousand pounds, here the relique of so many Manours, a doublet without buttons, And 'tis a spectacle of more pity then executions are. The company one with other is but a vying of complaints, and the cruses they have to rayle on fortune, and fool themselves, and there is a great deal of good fellowship in this. They are commonly next their Creditors, most bitter against the Lawyers,

as

as men that have had a great stroke in afflicting them hither. Mirth here is stupidity or hard-heartednesse, yet they faine it sometimes to slip melancholy and keep off themselves from themselves, and the torment of thinking what they have been. Men huddle up their life here as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old suit, the fatter the better: and he that deceives the time best, best spends it. It is the Place where new commers are most welcommed, and next them ill newes, as that which extends their fellowship in misery, and leaves few to insult: and they breath their discontents more secure-

ly

ly here and have their tongues at more liberty then abroad. Men see here much sinne, and much calamity, and where the last does not mortifie, the other hardens; and those that are worse, here, are desperately worse as those from whom the horrour of sinne is taken off, and the punishment familiar. And commonly a hard thought passes on all that come from this schoole: which though it teach much wisdome, it is too late, and with danger: and it is better be a fool, then come here to learn it.

15. *A selfe-conceited Man.*

HIS one that knows himselfe so well that he does not know himselfe. *Two excellent well dones* have undone him; and he is guilty of it that first commended him to madnesse. He is now become his own Book, which he poars on continually, yet like a truant-reader skips over the harsh places, and surveyes only that which is pleasant. In the speculation of his own good parts, his eyes, like a drunkards, see all double, and his fancy like an old mans

Spe-

Spectacles, make a great letter in a ſmall print. He imagines every place where he comes, his Theater, and not a look ſtirring, but his ſpectator; and conceives mens thoughts to be very idle, that is, only buſie about him. His walk is ſtill in the faſhion of a March, and like his opinion unaccompanied, with his eyes moſt fixt upon his own perſon, or on others with reflection to himſelf. If he have done any thing that has paſt with applauſe, he is always re-acting it alone, and conceits the ieſts he his hearers were in at every period. His diſcourſe is all *poſitions*, and *definitive* decrees, with

thus

thus it must be, and thus it is, and he will not humble his authority to prove it. His tenent is alwayes singular, and aloof from the vulgar as he can, from which you must not hope to wrest him. He has an excellent humour for an Heretique, and in these dayes made the first *Arminian*. He prefers *Ramus* before *Aristotle*, and *Paracelsus* before *Galen*, and whosoever with most paradox is commended. He much pitties the world that has no more insight in his parts, when he is too well discovered, even to this very thought. A flatterer is a dunce to him, for he can tell him nothing but what

he

he knows before; and yet he loves him too, because he is like himself. Men are merciful to him, and let him alone; for if he be once driven from his humour, he is like two inward friends fallen out; his own bitter enemy, and discontent presently makes a murther. In summe, he is a bladder blown up with wind, which the least flaw crushes to nothing.

16. A Servingman.

IS one of the makings up of a Gentleman, as well as his cloaths: and somewhat in the same nature; for he is

cast

caſt behinde his Maſter as faſhionably as his ſword and Cloake are, and he is but *in querpo* without him. His properneſs qualifies him, and of that a good legge: for his head he has little uſe but to keep it bare. A good dull wit beſt ſuits with him, to comprehend common ſence, and a trencher: for any greater ſtore of brain it makes him but tumultuous, and ſeldom thrives with him. He follows his Maſters ſteps, as well in Conditions as the Street: if he Wench, or drink, he comes after in an under kinde, and thinks it a part of his duty to be like him: he is indeed wholly his Maſters, of his fa-

ction, of his cut, of his pleasures: he is handsome for his credit, and drunk for his credit; and if he have power in the Cellar, commands the parish. He is one that keeps the best company, and is none of it: for he knowes all the Gentlemen his Masters knowes, and pickes from them some Hawking, and horse-race termes, which he swaggers with in the alehouse, where he is onely called Master. His mirth is bawdy jests with the wenches, and behinde the door bawdy earnest. The best worke he does is his marrying, for it makes an honest woman, and if he follow in in his Masters direction, it

is

is commonly the best service he doe him.

17. A wise reserved man.

IS one that is a fool with discretion, or a strange piece of Politician, that manages the state of himselfe. His actions are his Privy Counsell, wherein no man must partake beside. Hee speaks under rule and prescription, and dare not shew his teeth without *Machiavel*. He converses with his neighbours as he would in *Spain*, and fears an inquisitive man as much as the *Inquisition*. He suf-

suspects all questions for examinations, and thinks you *would pick something out of him*, and avoides you. His breast is like a Gentlewomans closet, which locks up every toy or trifle; or some braging Mountebank, that makes every stinking thing a secret. He delivers you common matters with great conjuration of silence, and whispers you in the ear Acts of Parliament. You may as soon wrest a tooth from him as a paper, and whatsoever he reaks is Letters. He dares not talk of great men for fear of bad comments, and *he knows not how his words will be misplaced*. Ask his opinion

pinion, and he tells you this doubt: and he never hears any thing more astonishtly than that he knowes before. His words are like the Cards at *Primiviste*, where six is eighteen, and seven one and twenty, for they never signifie what they sound; but if he tell you he will doe a thing, it is as much as if he swore he would not. He is one indeed that takes all men to be craftier then they are, and puts himself to a great deal of affliction to hinder their plots and designes, where they mean freely. He hath been long a Riddle himself, but at last findes *Oedipusses*, for his over-acted dissimulation

discovers him, and men doe with him as they would with Hebrew letters, spell him backwards, and read him.

18. *A Tavern*

IS a degree, or (if you will) a pair of staires above an Alehouse, where men are drunk with more credit and Apology. If the Vintners nose be at door, it is a signe sufficient, but the absence of this is supplyed by the Ivy-bush: The roomes are ill breathed like the drinkers that have been washt well over night, and are smelt too fasting next morning, not furnisht with beds apt to be defiled,

defiled, but more necessary implements, Stools, Table, and a Chamber-pot. It is a broacher of more news then Hogsheads, and more jests then news; which are suckt up here by some spungy brain, and from thence squeezed into a Comedie. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noise, and this musick above is answered with the clinking below. The Drawers are the civilest people in it, men of *good bringing up*; and howsoever we esteem of them, none can boast more justly of their *high calling*. It is the best Theater of natures, where they are truely acted, nor plaid, and

the businesse as in the rest of the World up and down, to wit, from the bottome of the Celler to the great Chamber. A melancholy Man would find matters to work upon, to see heads as brittle as glasses, and often broken men come hither to quarrell, and come hither to be made friends: and if *Plutarch* will lend me his Simile, it is even *Telephus* his sword that makes wounds and cures them. It is the common consumption of the Afternoon, and the murder, or maker away of a rainy day. It is the *Torrid Zone* that scorches the face, and Tobacco the gun-powder that blows it up. Much harm

harm would be done if the charitable Vintner had not Water ready for these flames. A house of sin you may call it, but not a house of darkenesse, for the Candles are never out: and it is like those Countries far in the North, where it is as clear at midnight as at mid day. After a long sitting, it becomes like a street in a dashing showre, where the spouts are flushing above, and the Conduits running below, while the Jordans, like swelling rivers, overflow their banks. To give the totall reckoning of it, it is the busie mans recreation, the idle mans businesse, the melancholy mans Sanctuary, the

Inns-a-Court mans entertainment; the Scollars kindneſſe; and the Citizens courteſie. It is the ſtudy of ſparkling wits, and a cap of Sherry their book; where we leave them.

19. A Sharke

IS one whom all other means have failed, and he now lives of himſelf. He is ſome needy caſheor'd fellow, whom the World hath oft ſhung off, yet ſtill claſps again; and is like one a drowning, faſtens upon any thing that is next at hand. Amongſt other of his ſhipwracks he hath happily loſt ſhame, and

this want supplyes him. No man puts his brain to more use than he, for his life is a daily invention, and each meal a new Stratagem. He hath an excellent memory for his acquaintance, though there past but *How do you* betwixt them seven years ago, it shall suffice for an Imbrace, and that for money, He offers you a Pottle of Sack out of his joy to see you, and in requitall of this courtesie, you can do no lesse then pay for it. He is fumbling with his purse-strings, as a Schoolboy with his poynts, when he is going to be whipt, till the Master weary with long Stay, forgives him. When the reckoning

koning is paid, he ſayes, *it muſt not be ſo*, yet is ſtraight pacified, and cries, what remedy. His borrowings are like *ſubſidies*, each man a ſhilling or two, as he can well diſpend, which they lend him, not with the hope to be repayed, but that he will come no more. He holds a ſtrange tyranny over men: and he is their Debtor, and they fear him as a Creditor. He is proud of any employment though it be but to carry commendations, which he will be ſure to deliver at eleven of the clock. They in courteſie bid him ſtay, and he in manners cannot deny them. If he finds but a good look

look to assure his welcome, he becomes their half-boorder, and haunts the threshold so long, till he forces good nature to the necessity of a quarrell. Publick invitations he will not wrong with his absence, and is the best witnesse of the Sheriffs Hospitality. Men shun him at length as they do an infection, and he is never crost in his way, if there be but a lane to escape him. He hath done with the Age as his cloaths to him, hung on as long as he could, and at last drops off.

20. *An insolent man*

IS a fellow newly great, and newly proud: one that hath put himself into another face upon his preferment, for his own was not bred to it. One whom Fortune hath shot up to some office or Authority, and he shoots up his neck to his fortune, and will not bate you an inch of either. His very countenance and gesture bespeak how much he is, and if you understand him not, he tells you, and concludes every Period with his Place, which you must and shall know. He is one that looks on all men as if he were very

very angry, but especially on those of his acquaintance whom he beats off with a surlier distance, as men apt to mistake him, because they have known him. And for this cause *he knowes not you till you have told him your name, which he thinks he hath heard, but forgot, and with much adoe seemes to recover.* If you have any thing to use him in, you are his Vassall for that time, and must give him the patience of any injury, which he does onely to shew what he may doe. He snaps you up bitterly, because he will be offended, and tells you, you are sawcy and troublesome, and sometimes takes your money

in

this language. His very Courtesies are intollerable, they are done with such arrogance and imputation; and he is the onely man you may hate after a good turn, and not be ungratefull; and men reckon it among their calamities to be beholden unto him. No vice drawes with it a more general hostility, and makes men readier to search into his faults, and of them, his beginning: and no tale so unlikely but it is willingly heard of him, and believed. And commonly such men are of no merit at all: but make out in pride what they want in worth; and fence themselves with a stately kind of behaviour

our from that contempt would purſue them. They are men whoſe prefermem does us a great deale of wrong, and when they are down, we may laugh at them, without breach of good Nature.

21. *Acquaintance*

IS the firſt draught of a friend, who we muſt lay down oft thus, as the foul coppy before we can write perfect, and true: for from hence, as from a probation, men take a degree in our reſpect, till at laſt they wholly poſſeſs us. For acquaintance is the hoard, and friendſhip the pair choſen out of it: by

which

which at last we begin to impropriate, and encloſe to our ſelves, what before lay in common with others. And commonly where it growes not up to this, it falls as low as may be: and no poorer relation, then old acquaintance, of whom we aske onely how they do for faſhion-ſake, and care not. The ordinary uſe of acquaintance is but ſomewhat a more boldneſſe of Society, a ſharing of talke, newes, drink, mirth together: but ſorrow is the right of a friend, as a thing nearer our heart, and to be delivered with it. Nothing eaſier then to create acquaintance: the meer being in company

once

once doth it; whereas friendship like children is ingendred by a more inward mixture, and coupling together: when we are acquainted not with their virtues onely, but their faults to their passions, their feares, their shame, and are bold on both sides to make their discovery. And as it is in the love of the body, which is then at the height and full, when it hath power and admittance into the hidden and worst parts of it: So it is in friendship with the mind, when those *verenda* of the Soul, and those things which we dare not shew the world are bare and detected one to the other. Some men

are

are familiar with all, and those commonly friends to none; for friendship is a sullenner thing, as a Contracter and taker up of our affections to some few, and suffers them not loosely to be scattered on all men. The poorest tye of acquaintance, is that of place and Country, which are shifted as the place and miss'd, but while the fancy of that continues. These are only then gladdest of other, when they meet in some forreign region, where the encompassing of strangers unites them closer, till at last they get new, and throw off one another. Men of parts and eminency, as their acquaintance, is more

sought

ſought for, ſo they are generally more ſtaunch of it, not out of pride only, but fear to let too many in too neer them; for it is with men as with pictures, the beſt ſhew better afarre off and at diſtance: and the cloſer you come to them, the courſer they are. The beſt judgement of a man, is taken from his acquaintance, for friends and enemies are both partiall: whereas theſe ſee him trueſt, becauſe calmlieſt, and are no way ſo engaged to lye for him. And men that grow ſtrange after acquaintance, ſeldome piece together again, as thoſe that have taſted meat and diſlike it, out of a mutuall experience

rience diſreliſhing one another.

22. *A Carrier*

IS his own Hackney-man: for he lets himſelf out to travell as well as his horſes. He is the ordinary Embaſſadour between Friend and Friend, the Father and the Son, and brings rich Preſents to the one, but never returns any back again. He is no *unletter'd* man, though in ſhew ſimple: for queſtionleſs he hath much in his Budget, which he can utter too in fit time and place: He is the Vault in *Gloceſter* Church, that conveyes Whiſpers at a diſtance;

distance; for he takes the sound out of your mouth at *York*, and makes it be heard as far as *London*. He is the young Students joy and expectation, and the most accepted Guest, to whom they lend a willing hand to discharge him of his burthen. His first greeting is commonly, *your Friends are well*, and to prove it, in a piece of Gold delivers their blessing. You would think him a churlish blunt fellow, but they find in him many tokens of humanity. He is a great afflicter of the High-wayes, and beats them out of measure; which injury is sometimes revenged by the Purse-

taker.

taker; and then the Voyage miscarries. No man domineers more in his Inne, nor calls his Host unreverently with more presumption, and his arrogance proceeds out of the strength of his Horses. He forgets not his ease, for he is drunk commonly before he goes to bed. He is like the Prodigall Child, still packing away, and still returning again. But let him passe.

23. *A meer Complemental Man.*

IS one to be held off still at the same distance you are now; for you shall have him but thus, and if you enter on him

him further, you lose him. Me-thinks *Virgil* well expresses him in those well-behav'd ghosts that *Æneas* met with, that were friends to talk with, and men to look on, but if he grasp't them, but ayre. He is one that lyes kindly to you, and for good fashion sake, and 'tis discourtesie in you to believe him. His words are but so many fine phrases set together, which serve equally for all men, and are equally to no purpose. Each fresh encounter with a man, puts him to the same part again, and he goes over to you, what he said to him was last with him: *He kisses your hand as he kissed his before, and is your*

servant

servant to be commanded, but you shall intreat him of nothing. His profers are universall and generall; with exceptions against all particulars; he will do any thing for you: but if you urge him to this, he cannot, or to that, he is engag'd; but he will do any thing. Promises he accounts but a kind of mannerly words, and in the expectation of your manners, not to exact them: if you do, he wonders at your ill breeding, that cannot distinguish betwixt what is spoken, and what is meant: No man gives better satisfaction at the first, and comes off more with the Elogie of a kind Gentleman, till you know

know him better, and then you know him for nothing. And commonly those most rail at him, that have before most commended him. The best is he cozens you in a fair manner, and abuses you with great respect.

24. *A poor Fidler.*

IS a man and a Fiddle out of case: and he in worse case then his Fiddle. One that rubs two sticks together (as the *Indians* strike fire) and rubbs a poor living out of it; partly from this, and partly from your charity, which is more in the hearing then giving him. For he sells nothing dearer then to be

gone:

gone. He is just so many strings above a beggar, though he have but two: and yet he begs too, onely not in the down-right *for God-sake, but with a shrugging God bless you*, and his face is more pin'd then the blind mans. Hunger is the greatest pain he takes, except a broken head sometimes, and the labouring *John Dorey*: otherwise his life is so many fits of mirth, and 'tis some mirth to see him. A good feast shall draw him five miles by the nose, and you shall track him again by the sent. His other Pilgrimages are Fairs and good Houses, where his devotion is great to the Christmas: and no

man

man loves good times better. He is in league with the Tapsters for the Worshipfull of the Inne; who he torments next morning with his Art, and has their Names more perfect then their men. A new song is better to him then a new Jacket; especially if bawdy, which he calls merry: and he hates naturally the *Puritan*, as an enemy to this mirth. A Country Wedding, and *Whitson*-Ale are the two main places he domineers in, where he goes for a Musician, and over-looks the Bag-pipe. The rest of him is drunk, and in the Stocks.

25. A Young man.

HE is now out of Natures protection, though not yet able to guide himself. But left loose to the World, and Fortune, from which the weakneſſe of his Child-hood preſerv'd him, and now his ſtrength expoſes him. He is indeed juſt of age to be miſerable, yet in his own conceit firſt begins to be happy; and he is happier in this imagination, and his miſery not felt is leſſe. He ſees yet but the out-ſide of the World and Men, and conceives them according to their appearing gliſter, and out of this ignorance believes them.

them. He purſues all vanities for happineſſe, and enjoyes them beſt in this fancy. His reaſon ſerves not to curb, but underſtand his appetite, and proſecute the motions thereof with a more eager earneſtneſs. Himſelfe is his own temptation, and needs not Satan, and the world will come hereafter. He leaves repentance for gray haires, and performes it in being covetous. He is mingled with the vices of the age, as the faſhion, and cuſtome with which he longs to be acquainted; and ſinnes to better his underſtanding. He conceives his Youth as the ſeaſon of his Luſt, and the hour wherein he ought to be bad: and be-

cauſe he would not loſe his time, ſpends it. He diſtaſts Religion as a fad thing, and is ſix years elder for a thought of Heaven. He ſcornes and fears, and yet hopes for old age, but dare not imagine it with wrinkles. He loves and hates with the ſame inflamation: and when the heat is over, is coole alike to friends and enemies. His friendſhip is ſeldome ſo ſtedfaſt but that luſt, drink, or anger may overturn it. He offers you his blood to day in kindneſſe, and is ready to take yours to morrow. He do's ſeldome any thing which he wiſhes not to doe again, and is onely wiſe after a misfortune.

tune. He ſuffers much for his knowledge, and a great deal of folly it is makes him a wiſe man. He is free from many Vices, by being not grown to the performance, and is onely more virtuous out of weakneſſe. Every action is his danger, and every man his ambuſh. He is a Ship without Pilot or Tackling, and onely good fortune may ſteer him. If he ſcape this age, he has ſcap'd a Tempeſt, and may live to be a Man.

26. *An old Colledge Butler*

IS none of the worſt Students in the Houſe, for he keeps the ſet hours at his book more duly than any. His authority is great over

mens good *names*, which he charges many times with ſhrewd aſperſions, which they hardly wipe off without payment. His Box and Counters prove him to be a man of reckoning; yet he is ſtricter in his accounts than a Uſurer, and delivers not a farthing without writing. He doubles the pains of *Gallobelgicus*; for his Bookes go out once a quarter, and they are much in the ſame nature, brief notes and Sums of affaires, and are out of requeſt as ſoon. His commings in are like a Taylors from his ſhreds of bread, the chippings, and remnants of the broken cruſt: excepting his vailes from the barrell,

rell, which poor folks buy for their hogs, but drink themſelves. He divides a half-penny loaf with more ſubtilty then *Kerkman*, and ſubdivides the *A primo ortum* ſo nicely, that a ſtomack of great capacity can hardly apprehend it. He is a very ſober man, conſidering his manifold temptations of drink and ſtrangers; and if he be over-ſeen, it is within his own liberties, and no man ought to take exception. He is never ſo well pleaſed with his place, as when a Gentleman is beholding to him for ſhewing him the Buttery, whom he greets with a cup of ſingle Beer, and ſliced Man-

chet, and tells him *'Tis the fashion of the Colledge.* He domineers over Fresh-men when they first come to the Hatch, and puzzles them with strange language of *Cues* and *Cees*, and some broken *Latin* which he has learnt at his Bin. His faculties extraordinary are the warming of a pair of Cards, and telling out a dozen of Counters for *Post and Pair*, and no man is more methodical in these businesses. Thus he spends his age, till the tap of it is run out, and then a fresh one is set abroach.

27. A medling man

IS one that has nothing to doe with his buſineſs, and yet no man buſier than he, and his buſineſſe is moſt in his face. He is one thruſts himſelfe violently into all employments, unſent for, un-feed, and many times unthanked, and his part in it is onely an eager buſtling, that rather keeps adoe, than do's any thing. He will take you aſide, and queſtion you of your affair, and liſten with both eares, and look earneſtly, and then it is nothing ſo much yours as his. He ſnatches what you are doing

out of your hands, and cryes *Give it me*, and does it worſe, and layes an engagement upon you too, and you muſt thank him for this pains. He layes you down a hundred wilde plots, all impoſſible things, which you muſt be ruled by perforce, and he deliver them with a ſerious and counſeling forehead, and there is a great deal more wiſedome in this forehead than his head: he will woo for you, ſollicite for you, and woo you to ſuffer him; and ſcarce any thing done, wherein his letter or his journey, or at leaſt himſelf is not ſeen: if he have no taske in it elſe, he will rail yet on ſome ſide,

and

and is often beaten when hee need not. Such men never thorowly weigh any buſineſs; but are forward onely to ſhew their zeal, when many times this forwardneſſe ſpoils it, and then they cry they have done what they can, that is as much hurt. Wiſe men ſtill deprecate theſe mens kindneſſes, and are beholding to them rather to let them alone, as being one trouble more in all buſineſſe, and which a man ſhall be hardeſt rid of.

28. *An up-ſtart Knight.*

IS a Holy-day Clown, and differs onely in the ſtuff of his Cloaths, not the ſtuffe of him-

himself: for he bare the King's Sword before he had arms to wield it; yet being once laid o're the shoulder with a Knight-hood, he finds the Herauld his friend. His Father was a man of good stock, though but a *Tanner*, or *Usurer*; he purchast the Land, and his Son the Title. He has doft off the name of a Country-fellow, but the look not so easie, and his face bears still a relish of Churn-milk. He is guarded with more gold Lace then all the Gentlemen oth' Country; yet his body makes his cloathes still out of fashion. His house-keeping is seen much in the distinct families of dogs, and Serving-

men

men attendant on their kennels; and the deepneſſe of their throats is the depth of their diſcourſe. An Hawk he eſteems the true burthen of Nobility, and is exceeding ambitious to ſeem delighted in the ſport, and have his fiſt Glov'd with his Jeſſes. A Juſtice of Peace he is to domineer in his Pariſh, and do his neighbour wrong with more right. He will be drunk with his Hunters for company, and ſtain his Gentility with droppings of Ale. He is fearfull of being Sheriffe of the Shire by inſtinct; and dreads the Aſſize-week as much as the Priſoner. In ſumme, he's but a

clod

clod of his own earth; or his Land is the Dunghill, and he the Cock that crowes over it. And commonly his race is quickly run, and his Childrens Children, though they ſcape hanging, return to the place from whence they came.

29. *A Good old Man*

IS the beſt Antiquity, and which we may with leaſt vanity admire. One whom Time hath been thus long a working, and like Winter fruit, ripen'd when others are ſhaken down. He hath taken out as many leſſons of the words, as days, and learnt the beſt

best thing in it, the vanity of it. He looks o're his former life as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. His lust was long broken before his body, yet he is glad this temptation is broke too, and that he is fortified from it by this weakness. The next door of death sads him not, but he expects it calmly, as his turn of Nature, and fears more his recoyling back to childishness than dust. All men look on him as a common Father, and on old age for his sake, as a reverent thing. His very presence and face puts vice out of countenance, and makes it an *indecorum* in a vicious man.

He

He practiſes his experience on youth without the harſhneſſe of reproof, and in his counſell his good company. He has ſome old ſtories ſtill of his own ſeeing to confirm what he ſays, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troubleſome neither with the ſame tale again, but remembers with them, how oft he has told them. His old ſayings and morals ſeem proper to his beard: and the Poetry of *Cato* do's well out of his mouth, and he ſpeaks it, as if he were the Author. He is not apt to put the Boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a Boy; but can diſtinguiſh gravity from a ſowre looke;

and

and the leſſe teſty he is, the more regarded. You muſt pardon him if he like his own times better then theſe; becauſe thoſe things are follies to him now, that were wiſdome then: yet he makes us of that opinion too, when we ſee him, and conjecture thoſe times by ſo good a Relique. He is a man capable of a dearneſs with the youngeſt men; yet he not youthfuller for them, but they older for him, and no man credits more his acquaintance. He goes away at laſt, too ſoon whenſoever, with all mens ſorrow but his own, and his memory is freſh, when it is twice as old.

30. *A Gallant*

IS one that was born and shap'd for his Cloathes, and, if *Adam* had not faln, had liv'd to no purpose: He gratulates therefore the first sin, and fig-leaves, that were an occasion of bravery. His first care is his dresse, the next his body, and in the uniting of these two lies his soul and it's faculties. He observes *London* trulier then the Termes; and his businesse is the Street, the Stage, the Court, and those places where a proper man is best shown. If he be qualified in gaming extraordinary, he

is

is so much the more gentle and compleat, and he learnes the best oathes for the purpose. These are a great part of his discourse, and he is as curious in their newnesse as the fashion. His other talk is Ladies and such pretty things, or some jest at a Play. His Pick-tooth beares a great part in his discourse, so does his body; the upper parts whereof are as starcht as his linnen, and perchance use the same Laundress. He has learnt to ruffle his face from his Boot, and takes a great delight in his walk to hear his Spurs gingle. Though his life pass somewhat slidingly, yet he

seems

ſeems very carefull of the time, for he is ſtill drawing his Watch out of his pocket, and ſpends part of his hours in numbring them. He is one never ſerious but with his Taylor, when he is in conſpiracy for the next device. He is furniſh'd with his Jeſts, as ſome wander with Sermons, ſome three for all Congregations, one eſpecially againſt the Scholar, a man to him much ridiculous, whom he knowes by no other definition, but *ſilly fellow in black*; He is a kinde of walking Mercers Shop, and ſhewes you one Stuff to day, and another to morrow, an ornament to the roomes he comes

comes in, as the faire Bed and Hangings be; and is meerly ratable accordingly, fifty or an hundred Pound, as his ſuit is. His main ambition is to get a Knight-hood, and then an old Lady; which if he be happy in, he fills the Stage and a Coach ſo much longer. Otherwiſe, himſelf and his cloathes grow ſtale together, and he is buried commonly ere he dyes in the Jayle or the Country.

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31. *A Conſtable*

IS a Vice-Roy in the ſtreet, and no man ſtands more upon't, that he is the King's officer.

Officer. His Juriſdiction extends to the next ſtocks, where he has Commiſſion for the heels onely, and ſets the reſt of the body at liberty. He is a Scare-crow to that Alehouſe where he drinks not his mornings draught, and apprehends a Drunkard for not *ſtanding in the Kings Name*. Beggers fear him more than the Juſtice, and as much as the Whipſtock, whom he delivers over to ſubordinate Magiſtrates, the Bride-well-man, and the Beadle. He is a great ſtickler in the tumults of double Jugs, and ventures his Head by his Place, which is broke many times to keep whole the peace.

peace. He never is so much in his Majesty, as in his night-watch, where he sits in his Chair of state, a Shop-stall, and inviron'd with a guard of Halberts examines all passengers. He is a very carefull man in his Office, but if he stay up after Midnight, you shall take him napping.

32. *A Flatterer*

IS the picture of a friend, and as pictures flatters many times, so he oft shews fairer then the true substance: His look, conversation, company, and all the outwardnesse of friendship more pleasing by odds, for a true friend dare take

take the liberty to be ſometimes offenſive, whereas he is a great deal more cowardly, and will not let the leaſt hold go, for fear of loſing you: Your meer ſowre look affrights him, and makes him doubt his caſheering: and this is one ſure mark of him, that he is never firſt angry, but ready, though upon his own wrong, to make ſatisfaction. Therefore he is never yok'd with a poor man, or any that ſtands on the lower ground, but whoſe fortunes may tempt his pains to deceive him. Him he learns firſt, and learns well, and grows perfecter in his humours, then himſelf, and by

this

this door enters upon his Soul: of which he is able at last to take the very print and mark, and fashion his own by it, like a false key to open all your secrets. All his affections jump even with yours: he is beforehand with your thoughts, and able to suggest them unto you: he will commend to you first what he knows you like, and hath always some absurd story or other of your enemy, and then wonders how your two opinions should jump in that man: he will ask your counsell sometimes, as a man of deep judgement, and has a secret of purpose to

disclose you, and whatsoever you say, is perswaded; he listens to your words with great attention, and sometimes will object, that you may censure him, and then protests he never heard so much before. A piece of wit but hits him with an overflowing laughter, and he remembers it for you to all companies, and laughs again in the telling. He is one never chides you but for your virtues, as, *You are too good, too honest, too religious*; when his chiding may seem but the earnester commendation, and yet would fain chide you out of them too, for your vir-

is

is the thing he has use of; and wherein you may best use him; and he is never more active than in the worst diligences. Thus at last he possesses you from your self, and then expects but his hire to betray you. And it is a happinesse not to discover him; for as long as you are happy, you shall not.

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33. *A down-right Schollar*

IS one that has much learning in the Ore unwrought, and untry'd, which time and experience fashion and refines. He is good mettall in the inside,

though rough and unscour'd without, and therefore hated of the Courtier, that is quite contrary. The time has got a veine of making him ridiculous, and men laugh at him by tradition; and no unlucky absurdity, but is put upon his profession, and done like a Schollar. But his fault is onely this, that his minde is somewhat too much taken up with his minde, and his thoughts not loaden with any carriage besides: he has not put on the quaint Garb of the Age, which is now a mans *Jacprimi, and all the Stem*: he has not humbled his Meditations to the industry of Com-

plement, nor afflicted his brain in an elaborate leg: his body is not set upon nice Pins to be winding and flexible for every motion, but his shape is homely, and his nod worse: he cannot kisse his hand and cry *Madam*, not talk idle enough to bear her company: his smacking of a Gentlewoman is somewhat too savoury, and he mistakes her nose for her lip. A very Woodcock would puzzle him in carving, and he wants the logick of a Capon: he has not the glib faculty of sliding over a tale, but his words become squeamishly out of his mouth, and the laughter commonly before

the jest. He names this word Colledge too often, and his discourse beats too much on the University. The perplexity and mannerliness will not let him feed, and he is sharp set at an argument when he should cut his meat. He is discarded for a Grandester at all Games but *One and thirty*, and at Tables he reaches not beyond *Doublets*. His Fingers are not long enough to handle a *Fiddle*, but his Fist is clunch with the habit of disputing. He attends a Horse somewhat smittenly, though not on the left side, and they both go jogging in grief together. He is exceedingly

exceedingly censur'd by the Inns-a-Courtmen, for that hainous vice being out of fashion. He cannot speak to a Dog in his own Dialect, and understands Greek better then the Language of a Faulkoner. He has been used to a dark room, and dark Cloaths, and his eyes dazzle at a Sattin suit. The Hermitage of his Study, has made him somewhat uncouth in the World, and men make him worse by staring on him. Thus is he silly and ridiculous, and if continues with him for some quarter of a year out of the University. But practise him a little in men,

and brush him o're with good company, and he shall out-ballance those glisterers, as far as a solid substance does a feather, or Gold Lace.

34. *A high spirited man*

IS one that looks like a proud man, but is not: you may forgive him his looks for his worth sake, for they are onely too proud to be base. One whom no rate can buy off from the least piece of his freedome, and make him digest an unworthy thought an hour. He cannot crouch to a great man to possesse him, nor fall low to the earth, to rebound never

never so high again. He stands taller on his own bottom, than others on the advantage ground of Fortune, as having solidly that honour, of which Title is but the pomp. He does homage to no man for his great styles sake, but is strictly just in the exaction of respect again, and will not take you a Compliment. He is more sensible of a neglect than an undoing, and scornes no man so much as his surly threatner. A man quickly fired and quickly laid down with satisfaction, but remits any injury sooner than words. Onely to himself he is irreconcile-

able, whom he never forgives a disgrace, but is still stabbing himselfe with the thought of it, and no disease that he dies of sooner; he is one had rather perish, than be beholding for his life, and strives more to be quit with his friend than his enemy. Fortune may kill him; but not deject him, nor make him fall into an humbler key than before, but he is now loftier than ever in his own defence. You shall hear him talke still after thousands; and he becomes it better than those that have it. One that is above the World and its drudgery, and cannot pull down

down his thoughts to the pelting businesses of life. He would sooner accept the Gallowes then a mean trade, or anything that might disparage the height of mm in him, and yet thinks no death comparably base to hanging neither.

One that will do nothing upon command, though he would do it otherwise; and if ever he do evill, it is when he is dar'd to it. He is one that if fortune equall his worth, puts a letter in all preferment, but if otherwise he be too much crost, turns desperately melancholy, and scorns mankind.

35. A plain Country Fellow

IS one that manures his ground well, but lets himselfe lye fallow and untill'd. He has reason enough to do his businesse, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of *Nebuchadnezzar*: for his conversation is among Beasts, and his Tallons none of the shortest, onely he eats not grasse, because he loves not Sallets. His hand guides the Plough, and the Plough his thoughts, and his ditch and Land-mark is the very

ry mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his Oxen very understandingly, and speaks *Gee* and *Ree* better then *English*. His minde is not much distracted with objects: but if a good fat Cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonisht, and though his hast be never so great, will fix here halfe an houres contemplation. His habitation is some poor Thatch'd Roof, distinguisht from his Barn by the loop-holes that let out smoak, which the Rain had long since washe thorow, but for the comfortable feeling of Bacon on the inside,

which

which has hung there from his Grandsires time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His Dinner is his other work; for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the Guard off sooner. His Religion is a part of his Copy hold; which he takes from his Land-lord, and refers it wholly to his discretion. Yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian to his power, that is, comes to Church in his best cloaths, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable onely of two

Pray-

Prayers, for rain, and for fair weather. He apprehends Gods blessings onely in a Good Year, or a fat pasture, and never prayses him but on *Good ground*. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a Bag-pipe as essentiall to it as Evening Prayer, where he walkes very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behinde him, and censures the dauncing of his Parish. His Complement with his Neighbour, is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt Curse. He thinks nothing to be vices,

but

but Pride, and all ill husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the Youth, and has some thrifty Hobnaile Proverbs to Clout his Discourse. He is a Niggard all the Week, except onely on Market Day, where if his Corn sell well, he thinks he may be Drunk with a good Conscience. His feet never stink so unbecommingly, as when he trots after a Lawyer in *Westminster* Hall, and even cleaves the ground with hard scraping, in beseeching his Worship to take his money. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning of a Stack of

Corn,

Corn, or the overflowing of a Medow, and thinks *Noahs* Flood the greatest Plague that ever was; not because it Drowned the World, but spoyl'd the graffe. For Death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his Harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

36. *A meer Gull Citizen.*

IS one much about the same modell, and pitch of brain that the Clown is, only of somewhat a more polite, and finicall Ignorance.

rance, and as fillily scorns him, as he is fillily admir'd by him. The quality of the City hath afforded him some better dresse of Cloathes and Language, which he uses to the best advantage, and is so much the more ridiculous. His chiefe education is the visits of his Shop, where if Courtiers, and fine Ladies resort, he is infected with so much more eloquence; and if he catch one word extraordinary, wears it for ever. You shall hear him mince a compliment sometimes, that was never made for him: and no man pays dearer for good words,

words, for he is oft payed with them. He is suited rather fine, than in the fashion, and has still something to distinguish him from a Gentleman, though his Doublet cost more: especially on Sundayes, Bridegroom-like, where he carries the state of a very solemn man, and keeps his Pew as his Shop: and it is a great part of his devotion to hear the Ministers. But his chiefest Guest is a Customer, which is the greatest relation he acknowledges; especially, if you be an honest Gentleman, that is, trust him to cozen you enough. His

friend

friendships are a kinde of Gossiping friendships, and those commonly within the circle of his Trade, wherein he is carefull principally to avoid two things, that is, poor men and forreitships: he is a man will spend his six-pence with a great deal of imputation, and no man makes more of a pinte of Wine than he: he is one beares a pretty kinde of foolish love to Schollars, and to *Cambridge* especially, for *Stanbridge* Faire's sake: and of these, all are newsants to him that are not Preachers, and of these, the lowdest, the best: and he is *much ravisht with the noyse* of

of a rolling tongue; he loves to hear discourse out of his Element, and the lesse he understands the better pleas'd, which he expresses in a smile, and some sound Protestation. One that do's nothing without his chuck, that is, his Wife, with whom he is billing still in conspiracy, and the wantoner she is, the more power shee has over him: and shee never stoops so low after him, but is the onely Woman, goes better of a Widdow than a Maid. In the education of his Childe no man fearfuller, and the danger he feares, is a harsh School-master to whom he

is

is alledging still the weakneſſe of the body, and pays a fine extraordinary for his mercy. The firſt whipping rids him to the Univerſity, and from thence rids him again for fear of ſtarving, and the beſt he makes of him is ſome Gull in Pluſh. He is one loves to hear the famous Acts of Citizens, whereof the guilding of the Croſſe he counts the glory of this age: and the four Prentiſes of *London* above all the Nine Worthies. He intitles himſelf to all the merits of his Company, whether Scholes, Hoſpitall, or Exhibitions, in which he is

is loyal benefactor, though four hundred years ago, and upbraids them far more than those that gave them: yet with all this folly he has wit enough to get wealth, and is not a less sufficient man than he that is wiser.

37. A Lascivious Man.

HE is the servant, he says, of many Mistresses, in but all are but his lust: to which only he is faithfull, and none besides, and spends his best blood and spirits in the service. His soul is the Bawd to his

his body, and those that assist him in this nature the nearest to it. No man abuses more the name of love, or those whom he applies this name to, for his love is like his stomack, to feed on what he loves, and the end of it to surfet and loath, till a fresh appetite re-kindle him; and it kindles on any sooner than who deserve best of him. There is a great deal of malignity in this vice; for it loves ill to spoyl the best things, said a Virgin sometimes rather than Beauty; because by undoing there is greater glory. No man laughs more

more at his sin then he, or is so extreamly tickled with the remembrance of it: and he is more violent to a modest ear, then to her he deflowred. A bawdy jest enters deep into him, and whatsoever you speak, he will draw to bawdry, and his wit is never so good as here. His unchastest part is his Tongue, for that commits always, what he must act seldomer: and that commits with all which he acts with few: for he is his own worst reporter, and men believe as bad of him, and yet do not believe him. Nothing harder to his persuasion

ched a chaste man, no Eunuch, and makes a scoffing miracle at it, if you tell him of a Maid. And from this mistrust it is that such men fear Marriage, or at least marry such as are of bodies to be trusted, to whom onely they sell that lust which they buye of others and make their Wife a revenue to their Mistresse. They are seen not easily reformed, because they are so little ill-perswaded of their illnesse, and have such pleas from Man and Nature. Besides it is a jeering and flouting vice, and apt to put jests upon the reprover. The Pox onely con-

verts

veres them, and that onely when it kills them.

38. *A Player.*

HE knows the right use of the World, wherein he comes to play a part, and so away. His life is not idle, for it is an Action, and no man need be more wary in his doings, for the eyes of all men are upon him. His profession has in it a kinde of contradiction, for none is more diſlik'd, and yet none more applauded, and he has this misfortune, of ſome Scholar, too

much wit makes him a fool. He is like out painting Gentlewomen, seldome in his own face, seldomer in his cloathes; and he pleases, the better he counterfeits, except onely when he is disguised with straw for Gold Lace. He do's not onely personate on the Stage, but sometime in the street: for he is mask'd still in the habit of a Gentleman. His parts find him Oathes and good words, which he keeps for his use and Discourse, and makes shew with them of a fashionable companion. He is tragicall on the Stage, but rampant in the Tyring-house,

house, and sweares oathes there which he never conn'd. The waiting-women Spectators are over-eares in love with him, and Ladies send for him to act in their Chambers. Your Innes of Court-men were undone but for him, he is their chief guest and employment, and the sole businesse that makes them Afternoons-men: The *Poet* onely is his Tyrant, and he is bound to make his friends friend drunk at his charges. *Shrove-Tuesday* he feares as much as the Bawdes; and *Lent* is more dammage to him than the *Butcher*. He was never so much distre-

dited as in one Act, and that was of Parliament, which gives Hostlers priviledge before him; for which he abhors it more than a corrupt Judge. But to give him his due, one well-furnish'd Actor has enough in him for five common Gentlemen, and if he have a good body, for six, and for resolution, he shall challenge any *Cato*, for it has been his practice to dye bravely.

39. A detracter

IS one of a more cunning and active envy, wherewith he gnaws not foolishly himself, but throws it abroad, and would have it blister others: he is commonly some weak-parted fellow, and worse minded, yet is strangely ambitious to match others, not by mounting their worth, but bringing them down with his Tongue to his own poorneſſe. He is indeed like the red Dragon that purſued the Woman, for when he cannot overreach another, he opens

his mouth, and throws a flood after to drown him. You cannot anger him worse, then to do well, and he hates you more bitterly for this, then if you had cheated him of his patrimony with your own discredit. He is alwayes slighting the generall opinion, and wondring why such and such men should be applauded. *Commend a good Divine, he cries Postilling; a Philologer, Pedantry; a Poet, Rymes; a Schoolman, dull wrangling; a sharp conceit, Boyishnesse; an honest man, Plausibility.* He comes to publick things, not to learn, but to catch; and

and if there be but one *ſolœciſme*, that's all he carries away. He looks on all things with a prepared ſowreneſſe, and is ſtill furniſh'd with a *Piſh* before hand, or ſome muſty Proverbe that diſreliſhes all things whatſoever. If the feat of the company make him ſecond a commendation, it is like a Law-Writ, alwayes with a clauſe of exception, or to ſmooth the way to ſome greater ſcandall. He will grant you ſomething, and bate more, and this bating ſhall in concluſion take away all he grant. His ſpeech concludes ſtill with an *Oh but*.

and *I could wish one thing amended*; and this one thing shall be enough to deface all his former commendations. He will be very inward with a man to fish some bad out of him, and make his slanders hereafter more authenticke, when it is said *a friend repeated it*. He will invegle you to naughtinesse, to get your good name into his clutches, and make you drunk to shew you reeling. He passes the more plausibly, because all men have a smatch of his humour, and it is thought freenesse, which is malice. If he can say nothing of a man, he will seem

seem to speak riddles, as if he could tell strange stories if he would: and when he hath rackt his invention to the uttermost he ends: *But I wish him well, and therefore must hold my peace.* He is alwayes listning and enquiring after men, and suffers not a Cloak to passe by him unexamin'd. In brief, he is one that hath lost all good himself, and is loth to find it in another.

40. A rash Man

IS a man too quick for himself: one whose actions put a leg still before his judgement, and out-run it. Every hot fancy or passion is the signall that sets him forward; and his reason comes still in the rear. One that has brain enough, but not patience to digest a businesse, and stay the leisure of a second thought. All deliberation is to him a kind of sloth, and freezing of action, and it shall burn him rather then take cold. He is alwayes resolved at first thinking, and the

the ground he goes upon is *hap what may*. Thus he enters not, but throwes himselfe violently upon all things, and for the most part is as violently upon all off again: and as an obstinate *I will* was the preface to his undertaking: so his conclusion is commonly *I would I had not*; for such men seldome do any thing that they are not forc'd to take in pieces again, and are so much further off from doing it, as they have done already. His friends are with him as his Physicians, sought to onely in his sickneſſe, and extremity, and to help him out of that mire

mire he hath plung'd himself into, for in the suddennesse of his passions he would hear nothing, and now his ill successe hath allay'd him, he hears too late. He is a man still swayed with the first reports, and no man more in the power of a pick thank then he. He is one will fight first, and then expostulate; condemn first, and then examine. He loses his friend in a fit of quarrelling, and in a fit of kindnesse undoes himself; and then curses the occasion drew this mischief upon him, *and cryes God mercy for it*, and curses again: his Repentance is meerly

meerly to rage against himself, and he does something in it self to be repented again. He is a man whom Fortune must go against much to make him happy, for had he been suffer'd his own way, he had been undone.

41. *A young Gentleman of the University*

IS one that comes there to wear a Gown, and to say hereafter, He has been at the University. His Father sent him thither, because he heard there were

the

the best Fencing and Dancing Schooles, from these he has his Education, from his Tutor the oversight. The first Element of his knowledge is to be shewn the Colledges, and initiated in a Tavern by the way, which hereafter he will learn of himself. The two marks of his Seniority, is the bare Velvet of his Gown, and his proficiency at Tennis, where when he can once play a Set, he is a Fresh-man no more. His Study has commonly handsome Shelves, his Bookes neat Silke Strings, which he shewes to his Fathers man, and is loth to

untye

untye or take down, for fear of misplacing. Upon foul days for recreation he retires thither, and looks over the pretty Book his Tutor Reads to him, which is commonly some short History, or a piece of *Euphormio*; for which his Tutor gives him money to spend next day. His main loytering is at the Library, where he studies Arms, and *Books of Honour*, and turns a Gentleman-Critick in Pedigrees. Of all things he endures not to be mistaken for a Schollar, and hates a black Suit, though it be of Sattin. His companion is ordinarily

rily some stale fellow, that has been notorious for an Ingle to Gold Hatbands, whom he admires at first, afterward scorns. If he have spirit or wit, he may light of better company, and learn some flashes of wit which may do him Knights service in the Countrey hereafter. But he is now gone to the Inns of Court, where he studies to forget what he learn'd before, his acquaintance and the fashion.

42. A weak man.

IS a Childe at Man's eſtate; one whom Nature hudled up in haſt, and left his beſt part unfurniſh'd. The reſt of him is grown to be a man, onely his brain ſtayes behinde. He is one that has not improved his firſt rudiments, not attained any proficiency by his ſtay in the World, but we may ſpeak of him yet, as when he was in the bud; a good harmleſſe nature, a well-meaning minde, and no more. It is his miſery that he now moſt wants a Tu-

tor

tor, and is too old to have one. He is two steps above a fool, and a great many moe below a wise man: yet the fool is oft given him, and by those whom he esteems most. Some tokens of him are, He loves men better upon relation than experience: for he is exceedingly enamour'd of Strangers, and none quicklier a weary of his friends. He charges you at first meeting with all his secrets, and on better acquaintance growes more reserv'd. Indeed he is one that mistakes much his abusers for friends, and his friends for enemies, and he

apprehends your hate in nothing so much, as in good counsell. One that is flexible with any thing but reasons, and then onely perverse; and you may better intice than perswade him. A servant to every tale and flatterer, and whom the last man still works over. A great affecter of Wits, and such prettinesses, and his company is costly to him, for he seldome has it but invited. His friendship commonly is begun in a supper, and lost in lending money. The Tavern is a dangerous place to him; for to drink, and to be drunk, is with him all one.

one, and his braine is sooner quench'd than his thirst. He is drawn into naughtinesse with company, but suffers alone, and the Bastard commonly lay'd to his charge. One that will be patiently abus'd, and take exceptions a moneth after when he understands it, and then be abused again into a reconcilement; and you cannot endear him more than by cozening him, and it is a temptation to those that would not. One discoverable in all fillinesses to all men but himself, and you may take any mans knowledge of him better than his own.

He

He will promise the same thing to twenty, and rather then deny one, break with all. One that has no power over himselfe, over his businesse, over his friends, but a prey and pity to all; and if his fortunes once sink, men quickly cry, Alas, and forget him.

43. A Tobacco-seller.

I Take the onely Man that finds good in it, which others brag of, but do not; for it is meat, drink, and cloathes to him. No man opens his Ware with greater serious-

ſeriouſneſſe; or challenges your judgement more in the approbation. His Shop is the Randevouz of ſpitting, where men dialogue with their Noſes, and their communication is ſmoak. It is the place only where *Spain* is commended, and ptefered before *England* it ſelf. He ſhould be well experienc'd in the world: for he has dayly triall of mens noſtrills, and none is better acquainted with humours: he is the piecing commonly of ſome other trade, which is Bawd to his Tobacco, and that to his Wife, which is the ſhame that follows this ſmoak.

44. An affected man

IS an extraodinary man, in ordinary things. One that would go a ſtrain beyond himſelf, and is taken in it. A man that overdoes all things with great ſolemnity of circumſtance: and whereas with more negligence he might paſſe better, makes himſelf, with a great deal of endeavour, ridiculous. The fancy of ſome odde quaintneſſes have put him clean beſide his Nature, he cannot be that he would, and hath loſt what he was: he is one muſt be point-blank in e-

very trifle, as if his credit and opinion hung upon it: the very ſpace of his arms in an embrace ſtudied before, and premeditated: and the figure of his countenance of a Fortnights contriving. He will not curſe you without book, and *extempore*, but in ſome choyſe way, and perhaps as ſome great man curſes. Every action of his, cries *Do ye marke me?* and men do mark him, how abſurd he is. For affectation is the moſt betraying humour: and nothing that puzzles a man leſſe to find out then this. All the actions of his life are like ſo

many

many things bodg'd in without any naturall cadence, or connexion at all. You shall track him all thorough like a Schoolboyes Theam, one piece from one Author, and this from another, and joyn all in this generall, that they are none of his own: You shal observe his mouth not made for that tone, nor his face for that supper: And it is his luck that his fineſt things moſt miſ-become him. If he affect the Gentleman, as the humour moſt commonly lyes that way, not the leaſt *punctilio* of fine man, but he is ſtrict in to a hair, even to

their very negligences which he cons as Rules: he will not carry a knife with him to wound reputation, and pay double a reckoning, rather then ignobly queſtion it. And he is full of this *Ignobly* and *Nobly*, and *Gentility*; and this meer fear to treſpaſſe againſt the *Gentile* way, puts him out-moſt of all. It is a humour runs thorow many things beſides, but is an ill-favour'd oſtentation in all, and thrives not. And the beſt uſe of ſuch men is they are good parts in a Play.

45. A

45. A Pot-Poet

IS the dregs of wit; yet mingl'd with good drink may have ſome reliſh. His inſpirations are more reall then others; for they do but feign a god, but he hath his by him: his verſe runs like the Tap, and his invention as the Barrel, ebs and flows at the mercy of the Spiggot. In thin drink he aſpires not above a Ballad, but a Cup of Sack inflames him, and ſets his Muſe and Noſe a fire together. The Preſſe is his Mint, and ſtamps him now and then a ſix-pence or

two in reward of the baſer coyn, his Pamphlet. His works would ſcarce ſell for three half-pence, though they are given off for three Shillings, but for the pretty Title that allures the Country Gentleman: for which the Painter maintains him in Ale a fortnight. His Verſes are like his Cloaths miſerable Cento's and patches, yet their pace is not altogether ſo hobling as an Almanacks. The death of a great man, or the burning of a houſe furniſh him with an argument, and the nine Muſes are out ſtreight in mourning Gowns, and

Mel-

Melpomene cries Fire, Fire. His other Poems are but Briefs in Rime, & like the poor *Greeks* Collections, to redeem from captivity. He is a man now much imploy'd in commendations of our Navy; and a bitter inveigher against the *Spaniard*. His frequenteſt Works go out in ſingle ſheets, and are chanted from Market to Market, to a vile tune, and a worſe throat; whileſt the poor Country wench melts like her Butter to hear them. And theſe are the *Stories of ſome men of Tyburn: or a ſtrange Monſter out of Germany*: or ſitting in a Bawdy-

dy-house, he writes *Gods Judgements*. He drops away at last in some obscure painted Cloth, to which himself made the Verses, and his life, like a Can too full, spill upon the bench. He leaves twenty shillings on the score, which my Hostesse loses.

46 *A plausible man*

IS one that would fain run an even path in the world, and jut against no man. His endeavour is not to offend, and his aim the generall opinion. His conversation is a kind of continued Complement, and his

his life a practice of manners. The relation he bears to others is a kind of fashionable respect, not friendship, but friendliness, which is equall to all, and generall, and his kindnesses seldome exceed courtesies. He loves not deeper mutualities, because he would not take sides, nor hazard himself on displeasures, which he principally avoids. At your first acquaintance with him, he is exceeding kind and friendly, and at your twentieth meeting after, but friendly still: he hath an excellent command over his patience and tongue, espe-

cially the laſt which he accommodates always to the times and perſons, and ſpeaks ſeldome what is *ſincere*, but what is *civil*. He is one that uſes all companies, drinks all healths, and is reaſonable cool in all Religions. He conſiders who are friends to the company, and ſpeaks well where he is ſure to hear of it again. He can liſten to a fooliſh diſcourſe with an applauſive attention, and conceal his Laughter at *Non-ſenſe*. Silly men much honour and eſteem him, becauſe by his fair reaſoning with them, as with men of underſtanding,

ding, he puts them into an erroneous opinion of themselves, and makes them forwarder hereafter to their own discovery: he is one rather well thought on then belov'd; and that love he has, is more of whole companies together then any one in particular. Men gratifie him notwithstanding with a good report, and whatever vices he has besides, yet having no enemies, he is sure to be an honest fellow.

47. *A Bowling Alley*

IS the place where there are three things thrown away

away besides Bowls, to wit time, money, and curses, and the last; ten for one. The best sport in it is the Gamesters, and he enjoyes it, that looks on and bets not. It is the School of wrangling, and worse then the Schools, for men will cavill here for an hairs breadth: and make a stir where a straw would end the controversie. No Antick screws mens bodies into such strange flexures, and you would think them here senseless to speak sense to their Bowl, and put their trust in intreaties for a good cast. The Betters are the factious noyse of the

Alley,

Alley, or the Gamesters Beadsmen that pray for them. They are somewhat like those that are cheated by great men, for they lose their mony & must say nothing. It is the best discovery of humors, especially in the losers, where you have fine variety of impatience, whil'st some fret, some rail, some swear, and others more ridiculously comfort themselves with Philosophy. To give you the Moral of it, It is the Embleme of the world, or the worlds ambition: where most are short, or over, or wide, or wrong Byas'd, and some few justle into the Mistris

Fortune.

Fortune. And it is here as in the Court, where the neareſt are moſt ſpighted, and all blows aim'd at the Toucher.

48. *The World's wiſe Man.*

IS an able and ſufficient wicked man, it is a proof of his ſufficiency that he is not called wicked but wiſe. A man wholly determin'd in himſelf and his own ends, and his inſtruments herein any thing that will do it. His friends are a part of his engines, and as they ſerve to his works, us'd or laid by. Indeed

deed he knows not this thing of friend; but if he give you the name, it is a ſign he has a plot on you. Never more active in his buſineſſes, then when they are mixt with ſome harm to others: and 'tis his beſt play in this Game to ſtrike off and lie in the place. Succeſſeful commonly in theſe undertakings, becauſe he paſſes ſmoothly thoſe rubs which others ſtumble at, as Conſcience, and the like; and gratulates himſelf much in this advantage; Oaths and falſhood he counts the neareſt way, and loves not by any means to go about. He

has

has many fine quips at this folly of plain dealing, but his *tush* is greatest at Religion, yet he uses this too, and virtue, and good Words, but is lesse dangerously a Divel then a Saint. He ascribes all honesty to an unpractisednesse in the World: and Conscience a thing meerly for Children. He scorns all that are so silly to trust him, and onely not scorns his enemy; especially if as bad as himself: he fears him as a man well arm'd, and provided, but sets boldly on good natures, as the most vanquishable. One that seriously admires those worst

Princes,

Princes, as *Sforza*, *Borgia*, and *Richard* the third: and calls matters of deep villany, *things of difficulty*. To whom murthers are but resolute *Acts*, *and Treason a businesse of great consequence*. One whom two or three Countreys make up to this compleatnesse, and he hath travelled for the purpose. His deepest indearment is a communication of mischief, and then onely you have him fast. His conclusion is commonly one of these two, either a great Man, or hang'd.

49. *A Chyrurgion*

IS one that has some businesse about his building,

ding or little house of man whereof Nature is as it were the Tyler, and he the Plaisterer. It is ofter out of reparations, than an old Parsonage, and then he is set on work to patch it again. He deals most with broken Commodities, as a broken head, or a mangled face; and his gains are very ill got; for he lives by the hurts of the Common-wealth. He differs from a Physician, as a sore do's from a disease, or the sick from those that are not whole; the one distempers you within, the other blisters you without. He complains of the decay

cay of Valour in these days, and sighs for that flashing age of Sword and Buckler, and thinks the Law against Duells was made meerly to wound his Vocation. He had been long since undone, if the charity of the Stews had not relieved him, from whom he hath his Tribute as duly as the Pope, or a wind-fall sometimes from a Tavern, if a Quart Pot hit right. The rareness of his custome makes him pittiless when it comes: & he holds a patient longer then our Courts a Cause. *He tells you what danger you had been in, if he had*

staid

staid but a minute longer; and though it be but a prickt finger, he makes of it much matter: he is a reasonable cleanly man, considering the Scabs he hath to deal with, and your fineſt Ladies now and then are beholding to him for their beſt dreſſings. He curſes old Gentlewomen, & their charity, that makes his Trade their Alms; but his envy is never ſtirr'd ſo much, as when Gentlemen go over to fight upon *Calice Sands*: whom he wiſhes drown'd e're they come there, rather then the *French* ſhall get his Cuſtome.

50. *A Profane Man*

IS one that denies God as far as the Law gives him leave, that is, onely does not say so in downright termes, for so far he may go: A man that does the greatest sins calmly, and as the ordinary actions of life, and as calmly discourses of it again: he will tell you his businesse is to break such a Commandement, and the breaking of the Commandement shall tempt him to it: his words are but so many vomitings cast up to the lothsomenesse of

the

the hearers, only those of his company loath it not. He will take upon him with oaths to pelt some tenderer man out of his company, and makes good sport at his conquest the *Puritan* fool. Scripture supplies him for jests, and he reads it of purpose to be thus merry. He will prove you his sin out of the Bible, and then ask if you will not take that Authority. He never sees the Church but of purpose to sleep in it: or when some silly man preaches, with whom he means to make sport, and is most jocund in the Church. One

that

that nick-names Clergymen with all the terms of reproach, as *Rat*, *Black-coat*, and the like, which he will be sure to keep up, and never calls them by other. That sings Psalms when he is drunk, and cries God mercy in mockery; for he must do it. He is one seems to dare God in all his actions, but indeed would out-dare the opinion of him, which would else turn him desperate: for Atheisme is the refuge of such sinners, whose repentance would be onely to hang themselves.

51. A Contemplative Man.

IS a Schollar in this great University, the World; and the same, his Book and Study. He cloysters not his Meditations in the narrow darknesse of a Room, but sends them abroad with his eyes, and his Brain travells with his Feet. He looks upon Man from a high Tower, and sees him trulier at this distance in his Infirmities and poornesse. He scorns to mixe himself in mens actions, as he would to act upon a Stage, but sits aloft

loſt on the Scaffold a cenſuring Spectator. He will not loſe his time by being buſie, nor make ſo poor a uſe of the world, as to hug and embrace it. Nature admires him as a partaker of her ſports, and askes his approbation as it were of her own Workes, and variety. He comes not in Company, becauſe he would not be ſolitary, but findes Diſcourſe enough with himſelf, and his own thoughts are his excellent play-fellows. He looks not upon a thing as a yawning ſtranger at novelties, but his ſearch is more myſterious and in-

ward, and he spells Heaven out of Earth. He knits his observations together, and makes a Ladder of them all to climbe to God. He is free from vice, because he hath no occasion to employ it, and is above those ends that makes men wicked. He has learnt all can here be taught him, and comes now to heaven to see more.

52. *A She-precise Hypocrite.*

IS one in whom good Women suffer, and have their truth mis-interpreted by her folly.

She is one, she knows not what her self if you ask her, but she is indeed one that hath taken a toy at the fashion of Religion, and is enamour'd of the Newfangle. She is a Nonconformist in a close Stomacher and Ruffe of *Geneva Print*, and her purity consists much in her Linnen. She hath heard of the Rag of *Rome*, and thinks it a very sluttish Religion, and rails at the *Whore of Babylon* for a very naughty Woman. She hath left her Virginity as a Relique of Popery, and marries in her Tribe without a Ring. Her devotion

at the Church is much in the turning up of her eye: and turning down the leaf in her Book, when she hears named *Chapter* and *Verse*. When she comes home, she commends the Sermon for the Scripture, and two hours. She loves preaching better then praying, and of Preachers, Lecturers, and thinks the Week-dayes Exercise far more edifying then the Sundays. Her ofteſt Goſſippings are Sabbath dayes journeys, where (though an enemy to ſuperſtition) ſhe will go in Pilgrimage five mile to a ſilenc'd Mini-

ſter, when there a better Sermon in her own Pariſh. She doubts of the *Virgin Maries* Salvation, and dares not Saint her, but knows her own place in heaven as perfectly, as the Pew ſhe has a Key to. She is ſo taken up with Faith, ſhe hath no room for Charity, and underſtands no good Works, but what are wrought on the *Sampler*. She accounts nothing Vices but Superſtition, and an Oath, and thinks Adultery a leſſe ſin, then to *ſwear by my truly*. She raiſes at other Women by the

names of *Jezabel* and *Dalilah*; and calls her own daughters *Rebecca* and *Abigal*, and not *Anne* but *Hannah*. She suffers them not to learn on the Virginalls, because of their affinity with the Organs, but is reconcil'd to the Bells for the Chymes sake, since they were reform'd to the tune of a Psalm. She overflows so with the Bible, that she spills it upon every occasion, and will not Cudgell her Maids without Scripture. It is a question whether she is more troubled with the Devill, or the Devill with her: she is alwayes challenging and daring

ring him, and her weapon is the *Practice of Piety*. Nothing angers her so much, as that Women cannot preach, and in this point onely thinks the *Brownist* erroneous: but what she cannot at the Church, she does at the Table, where she prattles more than any against sense, and Antichrist, till a Capons wing silence her. She expounds the Priests of *Baal*, reading Ministers, and thinks the Salvation of that Parish as desperate as the Turks. She is a main derider to her capacity of those that are not her Preachers, and censures all Sermons but

bad ones. If her Husband be a Tradesman, she helps him to customers, howsoever to good cheer, and they are a most faithfull couple at these meetings: for they never fail. Her Conscience is like others. Lust never satisfied, and you might better answer *Scotus* than her Scruples. She is one that thinks she performs all her duty to God in hearing, and shews the fruits of it in talking. She is more fiery against the May-pole than her Husband, and thinks he might do a *Phineas* his act to break the pate of the Fidler. She is an everlasting

lasting Argument; but I am weary of her.

53. A Sceptick in Religion

IS one that hangs in the ballance with all sorts of opinions, whereof not one but stirres him, and none sways him. A man guiltier of credulity then he is taken to be; for it is out of his beliefe of every thing, that he fully believes nothing. Each Religion scares him from it's contrary: none perswades him to it self. He would be wholly a Christian but that he is some-

thing of an Atheist; and wholly an Atheist, but that he is partly a Christian; and a perfect Heretick, but that there are so many to distract him. He finds reason in all opinions, truth in none: indeed the least reason perplexes him, and the best will not satisfie him. He is at most a confus'd and wild Christian, not specializ'd by any form, but capable of all. He uses the Lands Religion, because it is next him, yet he sees not why he may not take the other, but he chuses this, not as better, but because there is not a pin to choose. He finds doubts

and

and scruples better than resolves them, and is alwayes too hard for himself. His learning is too much for his brain; and his judgement took little for his learning, and his over-opinion of both spoyles all. Pity it was his misfchance of being a Scholar; for it do's onely distract and irregulate him, and the world by him. He hammers much in general upon our opinions uncertainty, and the possibility of erring makes him not venture on what is true. He is troubled at this naturalnesse of Religion to Countries, that Protestantisme should be born so

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in *England*, and Popery abroad, and that Fortune and the Starres should so much share in it; He likes not this connexion of the Common-weal, and Divinity, and fears it may be an Arch-practice of state. In our differences with *Rome* he is strangely unfix't, add a new man every new day, as his last discourse, Books, Meditations transport him; he could like the gray hairs of Popery, did not some dotages there stagger him; he would come to us sooner but our new name affrights him; he is taken with their miracles, but doubts an imposture;

posture; he conceives of our Doctrine better; but it seemes too empty and naked, he cannot drive into his fancy the circumscription of Truth to our corner, and is as hardly perswaded to think their old Legends true, he approves well of our Faith, and more of their works, and is sometimes much affected at the zeal of *Amsterdam*; his Conscience interposes it self betwixt Duellers, and whilst it would part both, is by both wounded: he will sometimes propend much to us upon the reading a good Writer, and at *Bellarmine* recoyles as far

farre backe again, and the Fathers juſtle him from one ſide to another. Now *Sozimus* and *Vorſtius* a freſh torture him, and he agrees with none worſe than himſelf. He puts his foot into Hereſies tenderly as a Cat in the water, and pulls it out again, and ſtill ſomething unanſwer'd delayes him, yet he bears away ſome parcel of each, and you may ſooner pick all Religions out of him than one. He cannot think ſo many wiſe men ſhould be in error, nor ſo many honeſt men out of the way, and his wonder is doubled, when he ſees theſe oppoſe

oppose one another. He hates authority as the Tyrant of reason, and you cannot anger him worse then with a Fathers *dixit*; and yet that many are not perswaded with reason, shall authorize this doubt. In sum, his whole life is a question, and his salvation a greater, which death only concludes, and then he is resolv'd.

54. *An Attorney.*

HIS ancient beginning was a blew coat, since a Livery, and his hatching under a Lawyer, whence, though but pen Feather'd, he

he hath now neſted for himſelf, and with his hoorded pence purchaſt an Office. Two Desks, and a Quire of Paper ſet him up, where he now ſits in ſtate for all commers. We can call him no great Author, yet he writes very much, and with the infamy of the Court is maintain'd in his Libels. He has ſome ſmatch of a Schollar, and yet uſes Latine very hardly, and leſt it ſhould accuſe him, cuts it off in the midſt, and will not let it ſpeak out. He is contrary to great men, maintained by his followers, that is, his poor Country Clients, that wor-

ſhip

ſhip him more than their Landlord, and be they never ſuch churles, he looks for their courteſie. He firſt racks them ſoundly himſelf, and then delivers them to the Lawyer for execution. His looks are very ſolicitous, importing much haſt and diſpatch: he is never without his hands full of buſineſſe, that is, of paper. His skin becomes at laſt as dry as his parchment, and his face as intricate as the moſt winding cauſe. He talks Statutes as fiercely, as if he had mooted ſeven yeares in the Innes of Court, when all his skill is ſtuck in his girdle, or

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in his Office-window. Strife and wrangling have made him rich, and he is thankfull to his benefactor, and nourishes it. If he live in a Country village, he makes all his neighbours good Subjects; for there shall be nothing done but what there is law for. His businesse gives him not leave to think of his conscience, and when the time, or terme of his life is going out, for Dooms-day he is secure, for he hopes he hath a trick to reverse judgement.

55. A Coward

IS the man that is commonly most fierce against the Coward, and labouring to take off this suspition from himself: for the opinion of valour is a good protection to those that dare not use it. No man is valianter then he in civill company, and where he thinks no danger may come on it, and is the readiest man to fall upon a Drawer, and those that must not strike again. Wonderfull exceptious and cholleric where he sees men are loth to give him occasion,

and

and you cannot pacifie him better then by quarrelling with him. The hotter you grow, the more temperate man is he; he proteſts he alwayes honoured you, and the more you rail upon him, the more he honours you, and you threaten him at laſt into a very honeſt quiet man: The ſight of a Sword wounds him more ſenſibly then the ſtroke, for before that come, he is dead already. Every man is his maſter that dare beat him, and every man dares that knows him. And he that dare do this, is the onely man can do much with him: for his friend

friend he cares not for, as a man that carries no such terror as his enemy, which for this cause only is more potent with him of the two. And men fall out with him of purpose to get courtesies from him, and be brib'd again to a reconcilement. A man in whom no secret can be bound up, for the apprehension of each danger loosens him, and makes him bewray both the room and it. He is a Christian meerly for fear of hell fire, and if any Religion could fright him more, would be of that.

56. A Partiall Man.

IS the oppoſite extream to a Defamer, for the one ſpeaks ill falſely, and the other well, and both ſlander the truth. He is one that is ſtill weighing men in the Scale of Compariſons, and puts his affection in the one ballance, and that ſwayes. His friend alwayes ſhall do beſt, and you ſhall rarely hear good of his enemy. He conſideres firſt the man, and then the thing, and reſtrains all merit to what they deſerve of him. Commendations he eſteems not

not the debt of Worth, but the requitall of kindnesse: and if you ask his reason, shews his interest, and tells you *how much he is beholding to that Man.* He is one that tyes his judgement to the Wheell of Fortune, and they determine giddily both alike; He prefers *England* before other Countreys, because he was borne there; and *Oxford* before other Universities, because he was brought up there; and the best Scholler there, is one of his own Colledge, and the best Scholler there, is one of his friends. He is a great favourer of great

persons,

persons, and his argument is still that which should be Antecedent, as he is in high place, therefore virtuous, he is preferr'd therefore worthy. Never aske his opinion, for you shall hear but his faction, and he is indifferent in nothing but Conscience. Men esteem him for this a zealous affectionate, but they mistake him many times, for he do's it but to be esteem'd so. Of all men he is worst to write an History, for he will praise a *Seianus* or *Tiberius*, and for some petty respect of his, all posterity shall be cozen'd.

57. A Trumpeter.

IS the *Elephant* with the great Trunk, for he eats nothing but what comes through this way. His Profession is not so worthy as to occasion insolence, and yet no man so much puffs up. His face is as Brazen as his Trumpet, and (which is worse) as a Fidlers, from whom he differeth onely in this, that his impudence is dearer. The Sea of Drink, and much wind make a storm perpetually to his Cheeks, and his look is like his noyse; blustering and tempestuous.

pestuous. He was whilome the sound of War, but now of Peace; yet as terrible as ever, for wheresoe're he comes, they are sure to pay for it. He is the common attendant of glittering folks, whether in the Court or Stage, where he is always the Prologues Prologue. He is somewhat in the nature of a Hogshead, shrillest when he is empty; when his belly is full, he is quiet enough: no man proves life more to be a blast, or himself a bubble, and he is like a Counterfeit Bankrupt, thrives best when he is blown up.

38. *A Vulgar spirited Man*

IS one of the heard of the World. One that follows meerly the common cry, and makes it louder by one. A man that loves none but who are publickly affected, *and he will not be wiser then the rest of the Town.* That never owns a friend after an ill name, or some generall imputation, though he knows it most unworthy. That opposes to reason, *Thus men say, and thus most do, and thus the World goes*, and thinks

this enough to poise the other. That worship men in place, and those onely, and thinks all a great man speaks, Oracles. Much taken with my Lords jest, and repeats you it all to a syllable. One that justifies nothing out of fashion, nor any opinion out of the applauded way; that thinks certainly all *Spaniards* and *Jesuits* very Villains, and is still cursing the Pope and *Spinola*. One that thinks the graveſt Caſſock the beſt Schollar; and the beſt Cloaths the fineſt man. That is taken onely with broad and obſcene wit, and hiſſes any

thing

thing too deep for him. That cries *Chaucer* for his Money above all our *English* Poets, because the voyce hath gone so, and he hath read none. That is much ravisht with such a Noble mans courtesie, and would venture his life for him, because he put off his Hat. One that is formost still to kisse the Kings hand, and cries *God bless his Majesty* loudest. That rails on all men condemn'd and out of favour, and the first that sayes *away with the Traytors*: yet struck with much ruth at Executions, and for pity to see a man die,

could kill the Hangman. That comes to *London* to see it, and the pretty things in it, and the chief cause of his journey the Bears: That measures the happinesse of the Kingdom by the cheapnesse of Corn; and conceives no harm of State, but ill trading. Within this compasse too, come those that are too much wedded into the World, and have no lifting thoughts above those things; that call to thrive well, to do well, and preferment only the grace of God. That aime all Studies at this mark, and shew you poor Schollars as an example to take

take heed by: that think the Prison and want, a Judgement for some sin, and never like well hereafter of a Jayl-bird. That know no other content but wealth, bravery, and the Town pleasures; that think all else but idle speculation, and the Philosophers, mad men. In short, men that are carried away with all outwardnesses, shews, appearances, the dream, the people; for there is no man of worth but has a piece of singularity, and scorns something.

59. A Plodding Student

IS a kind of Alchymist, or Persecutor of Nature, that would change the dull lead of his brain into fine metall, with successe many times as unprosperous, or at least not quitting the cost, to wit, of his own Oyle and Candles. He hath a strange forc'd appetite to Learning, and to atchieve it brings nothing but patience and a body. His Study is not great but continuall, and consists much in the sitting up till after midnight in a Rug Gown, and a Night-

Night-cap, for the vanquishing perhaps some six lines: yet what he has, he has perfect, for he reads it so long to understand it, till he gets it without Book. He may with much industry make a breach into *Logick*, and arrive at some ability in an Argument; but for politer Studies he dare not skirmish with them, and for *Poetry* accounts it impregnable. His Invention is no more then the finding out of his papers, and his few gleanings there, and his disposition of them is as just as the *Book-binders*, a setting or glewing of them together. He

is a great discomforter of young Students, by telling them what travell it has cost him, and how often his brain turn'd at *Philosophy*, and makes others fear studying as a cause of Duncery. He is a man much given to Apothegms which serve him for wit, and seldome breaks any Jest, but which belong'd to some *Lacedemonian*, or *Roman* in *Lycbosthenes*. He is like a dull Carriers horse, that will go a whole week together, but never out of a foot pace; and he that sets forth on the *Saturday* shall overtake him.

66. A foolish rich man

IS a beggar of a fair estate: of whose wealth we may say as of other mens untowardnesse, that it has brought him to this: when he had nothing, he lived in another kind of fashion. He is a man whom men hate in his own behalf, for using himself thus; and yet being upon himself, it is but justice; for he deserves it. Every accession of a fresh heap bates him so much of his allowance, and brings him a degree nearer starving. His body had been long

since

since desperate, but for the reparation of other mens tables, where he hoards meat in his belly for a moneth, to maintain him in hunger so long. His cloaths were never young in our memory: you might make long Epocha's from them, and put them into the Almanack with the dear year, and the great frost, and he is known by them longer then his face. He is one ne're gave alms in his life, and yet is as charitable to his Neighbour as himself. He will redeem a peny with his reputation, and lose all his friends to boot: and his reason is, he will not be undone. He never pays

any

any things, but with ſtrictneſſe of law, for fear of which onely he ſteals not. He loves to pay ſhort a ſhilling or two in a great ſum, and is glad to gain that, when he can no more: he never ſees freind but in a journey to ſave the charges of an Inne, and then only is not ſick: and his friends never ſee him but to abuſe him: he is a fellow indeed of a kind of frantick thrift, and one of the ſtrangeſt things that wealth can work.

61. *Paul's Walk.*

IS the Lands Epitome; or you may call it the leſſer Ile of Great *Britain*. It is more then this; the whole Worlds Map, which you may here diſcern in it's perfecteſt motion juſtling and turning. It is a heap of ſtones and men, with a vaſt confuſion of Languages; and were the Steeple not ſanctified, nothing liker *Babel*. The noyſe in it is like that of *Bees*, a ſtrange humming of buzze mixt of walking tongues and feet. It is a kind of ſtill roar, or loud whiſper.

whisper. It is the great Exchange of all discourse, and no businesse whatsoever but is here stirring and a foot. It is the Synod of all pates politick, joynted and knit together in most serious posture, and they are not half so busie at the Parliament. It is the Antick of tailes to tailes, and backs to backs, and for vizards you need go no further then faces. It is the Market of young Lecturers whom you may cheapen here at all rates and sizes. It is the generall Mint of all famous lies, which are here like the legend of Popery *first coyn'd and stamp'd*

in

in the Church. All inventions are emptyed here, and not few pockets. The best sign of a Temple in it is, that it is the Thieves Sanctuary, which rob more safely in the Crowd then a wildernesse, whilst every Searcher is a bush to hide them. It is the other expence of the day, after Playes, a Tavern, and a Bawdy-House, and men have still some Oathes left to swear here. It is the eares Brothell, and satisfies their lust, and itch. The Visitants are all men without exceptions, but the principall inhabitants and possessors, are staile

Knights,

Knights, and Captains out of Service, men of long Rapiers, and Breeches, which after all, turn Merchants here, and traffick for News. Some make it a Preface to their Dinner, and travell for a ſtomack, but thriftier men make it their Ordinary, and boord here very cheap. Of all ſuch places, it is leaſt haunted with Hobgoblins, for if a Ghoſt would walk more, he could not.

62. *A meer great Man.*

IS ſo much Heraldry without honour: himſelf

self lesse reall then his Title. His virtue is, that he was his Fathers Son, and all the expectation of him to beget another. A man that lives meerly to preserve anothers memory, and let us know who died so many years ago. One of just as much use as his Images: only he differs in this, that he can speak himself, and save the fellow of *Westminster* a labour: and he remembers nothing better then what was out of his life: His Grandfather and their acts are his discourse, and he tells them with more glory then they did them, and it is well if they

they did enough, or else he had wanted matter. His other studies are his sports, and those vices that are fit for great men. Every vanity of his has his Officer, and is a serious employment for his servants. He talks loud and bawdily, and scurvily, as a part of state, and they hear him with reverence. All good qualities are below him, and especially learning, except some parcels of the Chronicle, and the writing of his name, which he learns to write not to be read. He is meerly of his servants faction, and their instrument for their friends

and

and enemies, and is always least thankt for his own courtesies. They that loof him most, do most with him, and he little thinks how many laugh at him, bare head. No man is kept in ignorance more of himself and men, for he hears nought but flattery, and what is fit to be spoken truth with so much preface, that it loses it self. Thus he lives till his Tomb be made ready, and is then a grave Statue to posterity.

63. *A Cook.*

THe Kitchin is his Hell, and he the Devill in it,

where his meat and he fry together. His Revenues are showr'd down from the fat of the Land, and he interlards his own greaſe among to help the drippings. Chollerick he is, not by nature ſo much as his Art, and it is a ſhrewd temptation that the chopping-knife is ſo near. His weapons often offenſive, are a meſſe of hot broth and ſcalding water; and woe be to him that comes in his way. In the Kitchin he will domineer, and rule the roaſt, in ſpight of his Maſter, and curſes in the very Dialect of his Calling. His labour is meer

bluſtring

blustering and fury, and his speech like that of Sailors in a storm, a thousand businesses at once, yet in all this tumult he does not love combustion, but will be the first man that shall go and quench it. He is never good Christian till a hissing Pot of Ale has slak'd him, like Water cast on a Fire-brand, and for that time he is tame and dispossest. His cunning is not small in Architecture, for he builds strange Fabricks in Paste, Towers and Castles, which are offered to the assault of valiant teeth, and like *Darius* his Palace in one Banquet demo-

lisht.

lishd. He is a pitiless murderer of Innocents, and he mangles poor souls with unheard of tortures, and it is thought the Martyrs confessions were drawn from hence, sure we are Saint *Laurence* his Gridiron came out of his Kitchin. His best faculty is at the Dresser, where he seems to have great skill in the *Tacticks*, ranking his Dishes in order Military: and placing with great discretion in the fore-front meats more strong and hardy; and the more cold and cowardly in the rear, as quaking Tarts, and quivering Custards, and such milk-

Milk-sop Dishes, which scape many times the fury of the encounter. But now the second Course is gone up, and he down into the Cellar, where he drinks and sleeps till four a Clock in the afternoon, and then returns again to his Regiment.

64. *A bold forward Man*

IS a lusty fellow in a crowd, that's beholding more to his elbow then his legs; for he does not go but thrusts well. He is a good shuffler in the World, wherein he is so oft putting forth,

forth, that at length he puts on. He can do some things, but dare doe much more, and is like a desperate souldier, who will assault any thing, where he is sure not to enter. He is not so well opinion'd of himself, as industrious to make other, and thinks no vice so prejudiciall as blushing. He is still citing for himself, *that a candle should not be hid under a bushell*; and for his part, he will be sure not to hide his, though his candle be but a snuffe or Rush-candle. These few good parts he has, he is no niggard in displaying, and is like some needy planting

Goldſmith, nothing in the inner room, but all on the Cup-boord: If he be a Schollar, he has commonly ſtept into the Pulpit before a Degree; yet into that too before he deſerv'd it. He never defers Saint *Maries* beyond his regency, and his next Sermon is at *Paul's* Croſſe, and that Printed. He loves publick things a-life: and for any ſolemn entertainment he will finde a mouth, finde a ſpeech who will; he is greedy of great acquaintance, and many, and thinks it no ſmall advancement to riſe to be known; he is one that has all the great names at

Court

Court at his fingers ends, and their lodgings, and with a sawcy *My Lord* will salute the best of them. His talk at the table like *Benjamins* [illegible], five times to his part, and no argument shuts him out for a quarreller. Of all disgraces he endures not to be *Non-plust*, and had rather flye for Sanctuary to *Non-sense*, which few can descry, then to nothing, which all. His boldnesse is beholden to other mens modesty, which rescues him many times from a Baffle, yet his face is good Armour, and he is daunt out of any thing sooner then countenance.

Groſſer conceits are puzled in him for a race man; and wiſer men, though they know him, yet take him in for their pleaſure; or as they would do a Scull[illegible] for being next at hand. Thus preferment at laſt ſtumbles on him, becauſe he is ſtill in the way. His Companions that flouted him before, now envy him, when they ſee him come ready for Scarlet, whil'ſt themſelves lye muſty in their old Cloathes and Colledges.

65. *A Baker.*

NO man verefies the Proverb more, that it

it is an Alms-deed to punish him: for his penalty is a Dole, and does the Beggers as much good as their Dinner. He abhors therefore works of Charity, and thinks his Bread cast away when it is given to the poor. He loves not Justice neither, for the *weigh-scales sake*, and hates the Clerk of the Market as his Executioner: yet he finds mercy in his offences, and his Basket only is sent to prison. Marry a Pillory is his deadly enemy, and he never hears well after.

66. *A pretender to Learning.*

IS one that would make all others more fools then himself; for though he know nothing, he would not have the World know so much. He conceits nothing in Learning but the opinion, which he seeks to purchase without it, though he might with lesse labour cure his ignorance, then hide it. He is indeed a kind of *Scholler-Mountebank*, and his Art, our delusion: he is trickt out in all the accoutrements of Learning, and at the

the fifft encounter none paſſes better. He is oftner in his Study, than at his Booke, and you cannot pleaſure him better, than to deprehend him. Yet he hears you not till the third knock, and then comes out very angry, as interrupted. You finde him in his Slippers, and a Pen in his ear; in which formality he was aſleep. His Table is ſpread wide with ſome Claſſick *Folio*, which is as conſtant to it as the Carpet, and hath lain open in the ſame Page this half year. His Candle is alwayes a longer ſitter up than himſelf, and the boaſt of his

Window at Midnight. He walks much alone in the Posture of Meditation, and hath a Booke still before his face in the fields; his pocket is seldome without a *Greek Testament* or *Hebrew Bible*, which he opens onely in the Church, and that when some stander by looks over. He hath sentences for Company, some scatterings of *Seneca* and *Tacitus*, which are good upon all occasions. If he read any thing in the morning, it comes up all at Dinner, and as long as that lasts, the discourse is his. He is a great *Plagiary* of Tavern wit: and comes to

to Sermons onely that he may talk of *Austin*. His Parcels are the meer scrapings from Company, yet he complains at parting what time he has lost. He is wondrously capricious to seem a judgement, and listens with a sowre attention to what he understands not. He talks much of *Scaliger* and *Causabone*, and the *Jesuites*, and prefers some unheard-of *Dutch* name before them all. He has verses to bring in upon these and these hints, and it shall go hard but he will wind in his opportunity. He is critical in a language he cannot

confer, and speaks seldome under. *Arminius* in Divinity. His businesse and retirement, and caller away, is his Study, *and he protests no delight yet comparable.* He is a great *Nomenclator* of Authors, which he has read in generall in the *Catalogue*, and in particular in the Title, and goes seldome so far as the *Dedication*; he never talks of any thing but learning, and learns all from talking. Three encounters with the same men pump him, and then he onely puts in, or gravely sayes nothing: he has taken pains to be an Asse, though not to be a Schol-

Schollar, and is at length discovered and laught at.

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67. A poor man

IS the most impotent man: though neither blinde nor lame, as wanting the more necessary limbes of life, without which limmes are a burden. A man unfenc't and unsheltered from the gusts of the world, which blow all in upon him, like an unroofe house: and the bitterest thing he suffers, is his neighbours. All men put on to him a kinde of churlisher

liſher faſhion, and even more plauſible natures churliſh to him, as who are nothing advantag'd by his opinion. Whom men fall out with before-hand to prevent friendſhip, and his friends too, to prevent engagements; or if they own him, 'tis in private, and a by-room, and on condition not to know them before company. All vice put together, is not half ſo ſcandalous, nor ſets off our acquaintance further; and even thoſe that are not friends for ends doe not love any dearneſſe with ſuch men: The leaſt courteſies are upbraided to him,

and

and himſelfe thank'd for none: but his beſt ſervices ſuſpected, as handſome ſharking, and tricks to get money. And we ſhall obſerve it in knaves themſelves, that your beggerlieſt knaves are the greateſt, or thought ſo at leaſt; for thoſe that have wit to thrive by it, have art not to ſeem ſo. Now a poor man has not vizard enough to maſk his vices, nor ornament enough to ſet forth his virtues, but both are naked and unhandſome, and though no man is neceſſitated to more ill, yet no mans ill is leſſe excus'd, but it is thought a kinde of impudence

prudence in him to be vicious, and a presumption above his fortune. His good parts be dead upon his hands, for want of matter to employ them, and at the best are not commended, but pittied, as virtues ill plac'd, and we say of him, *'Tis an honest man, but 'tis pity*: and yet those that call him so will trust a knave before him. He is a man that has the truest speculation of the world, because all men shew to him in their plainest, and worst, as a man they have no plot on, by appearing good to: whereas rich men are entertain'd with a more holy-day behaviour,

haviour, and see onely the best we can dissemble: he is the onely he that tries the true strength of wisedome, what it can do of it self without the help of fortune: that with a great deal of vertue conquers extremities, and with a great deal more his own impatience, and obtains of himself not to hate men.

96. *A Herald*

IS the Spawn, or indeed but the resultancy of Nobility, and to the making of him went not a Generation, but a Genealogy: his Trade is Honour,

nour, and he sells it, and gives Armes himselfe, though he be no Gentleman. His Bribes are like those of a corrupt Judge, for they are the prices of blood. He seems very rich in discourse, for he tells you of whole fields of Gold and Silver, O'r and Argent, worth much in *French*, but in *English* nothing. He is a great diver in the streams or issues of Gentry, and not a by-Channell or Bastard escapes him: yea he does with them like some shamelesse Queen, fathers more children on them, then ever they begot. His Traffick is a kind

of

of Pedlery ware, Scutchions, and Pennons and little Daggers, and Lyons, such as Children esteem and Gentlemen: but his penny-worths are rampant, for you may buy three whole *Brawnes* cheaper than three *Boars Heads* of him painted. He was sometimes the terrible Coat of *Mars*, but now for more mercifull Battells in the Tilt-yard, where whosoever is victorious, the spoyles are his. He is an Art in *England*, but in *Wales* Nature, where they are born with Herauldry in their mouths, and each Name is a Pedegree.

69. *The*

69. *The Common Singing men*

ARe a bad Society, and yet a company of good fellowes, that roar deep in the Quire, deeper in the Tavern. They are the eight parts of ſpeech, which go to the *Syntaxis* of Service, and, are diſtinguiſh'd by their noyſes much like Bells, for they make not a Conſort, but a Peal. Their paſtime or recreation is prayers, their exerciſe drinking, yet herein ſo religiouſly addicted, that they ſerve God oftest when they are drunk. Their humanity

manity is a leg to the *Residencer*, their learning a *Chapter*, for they learn it commonly before they read it, yet the old *Hebrew* names are little beholden to them, for they mis-call them worse then one another. Though they never expound the Scripture, they handle it much, and pollute the Gospell with two things, their conversation and their thumbs. Upon worky-days, they behave themselves at Prayers as at their pots, for they swallow them down in an instant. Their Gowns are lac'd commonly with streamings of Ale, the superfluities of a

cup

cup or throat above measure. Their skill in melody makes them the better companions abroad, and their *Anthems* abler to sing Catches. Long-liv'd for the most part they are not, especially the Base, they overflow their Bank so oft to drown the Organs: Briefly, if they escape arresting, they die constantly in Gods Service: and to take their death with more patience, they have Wine and Cakes at their Funeral: and now they keep the Church a great deal better, and help to fill it with their bones, as before with their noyse.

70. *A*

70. A Shop-keeper.

HIs Shop is his well ſtuft Book, and himſelf the Title-page of it, or Index. He utters much to all men, though he ſells but to a few, and intreats for his own neceſſities, by asking other what they lack. No man ſpeaks more and no more, for his words are like his Wares, twenty of one ſort, and he goes over them alike to all commers. He is an arrogant Commender of his own things; for whatſoever he ſhewes you, is the beſt in the Town, though

though the worſt in his ſhop. His Conſcience was a thing, that would have laid upon his hands, and he was forc'd to put it off: and makes great uſe of honeſty to profeſſe upon. He tells you lies by rote, and not minding, as the Phraſe to ſell in, and the Language he ſpent moſt of his years to learn. He never ſpeaks ſo truly, as when he ſayes *he would uſe you as his Brother*, for he would abuſe his Brother, and in his Shop thinks it lawfull. His religion is much in the nature of his cuſtomers, and indeed the Pandect to it: and by a miſ-interpreted ſenſe

of

of Scripture *makes a gain of his godliness*; he is your slave while you pay him ready money, but if he once be-friend you, your Tyrant, and you had better deserve his hate than his trust.

71. *A blunt Man*

IS one whose wit is better pointed than his behaviour, and that course, and impolisht, not out of ignorance so much as humour; he is a great enemy to the *fine-Gentleman*, and these things of Complement, and hates ceremony in conversations, as the *Puritan* in religion.

ligion. He distinguishes not betwixt fair and double-dealing, and suspects all smoothnesse for the dresse of knavery. He starts at the encounter of a Salutation as an assault, and beseeches you in choller to forbear your courtesie. He loves not any thing in Discourse that comes before the purpose, and is alwayes suspicious of a Preface. Himself falls rudely still on his matter without any circumstance, except he use an *old Proverbe* for an introduction. He swears old-out-of-date innocent oathes, as *by the Mass, by our Lady*, and such like, and though there be

be Lords present, he cries *My Masters*. He is exceedingly in love with his humour, which makes him always profesſe and proclaim it, and you muſt take what he ſayes patiently, *because he is a plain man*. His nature is his excuſe ſtill, and other mens Tyrant; for he muſt ſpeak his mind, and that is his worſt, and *craves your pardon* moſt injuriouſly for not pardoning you: his jeſts beſt become him, because they come from him rudely and unaffected; and he has the luck commonly to have them famous. He is one that will do

more then he will ſpeak; and yet ſpeak more then he will hear: for though he love to touch others, he is touchy himſelf, and ſeldome to his own abuſe replies but with his Fiſts. He is as ſqueazy of his commendations, as his courteſie, and his good word is like an Elogy in a Satyre. He is generally better favour'd then he favours, as being commonly well expounded in his bitterneſſe, and no man ſpeaks treaſon more ſecurely. He chides great men with moſt boldneſſe, and is counted for it an honeſt fellow. He is grumbling much in the

behalf of the Common-wealth, and is in prison oft for it with credit; he is generally honest, but more generally thought so; and his down-rightness credits him, at a man not well bended and crookned to the times. In conclusion, he is not easily bad, in whom this quality is nature, but the counterfeit is most dangerous; since he is disguis'd in an humour, that professes not to disguise.

72. *A handsome Hostess.*

IS the fairer commendation of an Inne, above the faire Signe, or faire

Lodgings: She is the Load-ſtone that attracts mon of Iron, Gallants and Roarers, where they cleave ſometimes long, and are not eaſily got off; her Lips are your welcome, and your entertainment her company, which is put into the reckoning too, and is the deareſt parcel in it: No Citizens Wife is demurrer than ſhee at the firſt greeting, not draws in her mouth with a chaſten ſimper, but you may be more familiar without diſtaſte, and ſhe doe's not ſtartle at Bawdry. She is the confuſion of a Pottle of Sack more than would have

been spent elsewhere, and her little Jugs are accepted to have her kisse excuse them. She may be an honest woman, but is not believ'd so in her Parish, and no man is a greater Infidell in it than her Husband.

73. A Critick.

IS one that hath spell'd over a great many of Books, and his observation is the *Orthography*. He is the Chirurgion of old Authors, and heals the wounds of dust and ignorance; he converses much in fragments and *Defunt multa's*, and if he piece it up with

two Lines, he is more proud of that Booke then the Authour. He runs over all Sciences to peruse their Syntaxis; and thinks all Learning compris'd in writing Latine. He tastes Styles, as some discreeter Palats doe Wine; and tells you which is Genuine, which Sophisticate and bastard. His own phrase is a *Miscellany* of old words decay'd long before the *Cæsars*, and entomb'd by *Varro*; and the modern it man he follows, is *Plautus*. He writes *Omnes* at length, and *quidquid*, and his *Gerund* is most inconformable. He is a trou-

troublesome vexer of the dead, which after so long sparing must rise up to the judgement of his *castigations*. He is one that makes all Books sell dearer, whilst he swells them into *Folio's* with his Comments.

74. *A Serjeant or Catchpole*

IS one of Gods judgments; and which our Roarers do onely conceive terrible. He is the propereſt ſhape wherein they fancy Satan; for he is at moſt but an Arreſter, and Hell a Dungeon. He is the Creditors Hawk; wherewith they ſeize up-

on flying Birds, and fetch them again in his Tallons: he is the period of young Gentlemen, or their full stop; for when he meets with them they can go no farther: his Ambush is a Shop-stall, or close Lane, and his Assault is cowardly at your back. He respits you in no place but a Tavern, where he sells his Minutes dearer then a Clock-maker. The common way to run from him, is thorow him, which is often attempted and atchieved, and no man is more beaten out of charity. He is one makes the street more dangerous

than

than the High-wayes, and men go better provided in their walkes than their Journey; he is the first handsell of the young Rapiers of the Templers, and they are as proud of his repulse, as an Hungarian of killing a Turk; he is a moveable Prison, and his hands two Manacles hard to be fil'd off; he is an occasioner of disloyall thoughts in the Commonwealth, for he makes men hate the *Kings Name* worse than the Devils.

75. An ordinary honest Fellow

IS one whom it concerns to be call'd honest, for if he were not this, he were nothing: and yet he is not this neither: But a good dull vicious fellow, that complyes well with the debolishments of the time, and is fit for it: One that has no good part in him to offend his Company, or make him to be suspected a proud fellow: but is sociably a dunce, and sociably a drinker. That do's it fair and above board without legerdemain, and neither sharks

ſharks for a cup nor a reckoning. That is kind o're his Beer, and proteſts he loves you, and begins to you again, and loves you again. One that quarrells with no man, but for not pledging him, but takes all abſurdities, and commits as many, and is no tell-tale next morning, though he remember it. One that will fight for his friend if he hear him abuſed, and his friend commonly is he that is moſt likely, and he lifts up many a Jug in his defence. He rails againſt none but cenſurers, againſt whom he thinks he rails lawfully, and cenſurers are

all

all those that are better then himself. These good properties qualifie him for honesty enough, and raise him high in the Ale-house commendation, who if he had any other good quality, would be named by that. But now for refuge he is an honest man, and hereafter a sot: onely those that commend him think not so, and those that commend him, are honest fellows.

76. An University Dunne

IS a Gentlemans follower cheaply purchas'd, for his own money had hired him.

him. He is an inferiour Creditor of some ten shillings, or downwards, contracted for Horse-hire, or perchance for drink, too weak to be put in Suit, and he arrests your modesty. He is now very expensive of his time, for he will wait upon your Staires a whole Afternoon, and dance attendance with more patience then a Gentleman-Usher. He is a sore beleaguerer of Chambers, and assaults them sometimes with furious knocks: yet finds strong resistance commonly, and is kept out: he is a great complainer of

Schol-

Schollars loytering, for he is ſure never to find them within, and yet he is the chief cauſe many times that makes them ſtudy. He grumbles at the ingratitude of men, that ſhun him for his kindneſſe, but indeed it is his own fault, for he is too great an upbraider. No man puts them more to their brain then he; and by ſhifting him off, they learn to ſhift in the World. Some chooſe their rooms a purpoſe to avoid his ſurpuzalls, and think the beſt commodity in them his Proſpect. He is like a rejected acquaintance, hunts

those that care not for his company, and he knowes it well enough; and yet will not keep away. The sole place to supple him, is the Buttery, where he takes grievous use upon your Name, and he is one much wrought with good Beer and Rhetorick. He is a man of most unfortunate voyages, and no Gallant walks the streets to lesse purpose.

77. *A stayed man*

IS a man. One that has taken order with himself, and sets a rule to those law-

lawlesnesses within him: Whose life is distinct and in Method, and his Actions as it were cast up before. Not loos'd into the Worlds vanities, but gathered up and contracted in his station. Not scatter'd into many pieces of businesses, but that one course he takes, goes through with. A man firm and standing in his purposes, nor heav'd off with each winde and passion. That squares his expence to his Coffers, and makes the Totall first, and then the Items. One that thinks what he does, and does what he sayes, and foresees

what

what he may do before he purposes. One whose (if I can) is more then anothers assurance, and his doubtfull tale before some mens protestations. That is confident of nothing in futurity, yet his conjectures oft true Prophesies. That makes a pause still betwixt his eare and belief, and is not too hasty to say after others; One whose Tongue is strung up like a Clock till the time, and then strikes, and sayes much when he talks little. That can see the Truth betwixt two wranglers; and sees them agree even in that they fall out

out upon. That ſpeaks no Rebellion in a bravery, or talks big from the ſpirit of Sack. A man cool and temperate in his paſſions, not eaſily betray'd by his choller: That vies not oath with oath, nor heat with heat: but replies calmly to an angry man, and is too hard for him too. That can come fairly off from Captains companies: and neither drink nor quarrell. One whom no ill hunting ſends home diſcontented, and makes him ſwear at his dogs and family. One not haſty to purſue the new faſhion, nor yet affectedly true to his old round

Bree-

Breeches. But gravely handsome, and to his place, which suites him better than his Taylor. Active in the World without disquiet, and carefull without misery: yet neither ingulft in his pleasures, nor a seeker of businesse, but hath his hour for both. A man that seldome laughes violently, but his mirth is a cheerfull look. Of a compos'd and unsettled countenance, not set nor much alterable with sadnesse or joy; he affects nothing so wholly, that he must be a miserable man when he loses it: but forethinks what will come hereafter, and

spares

ſpares Fortune his thanks and curſes. One, that loves his Credit, not this word *Reputation*; yet can ſave both without a Duell: whoſe entertainments to greater men are reſpectfull, not complementary, and to his friends plain, not rude. A good Husband, Father, Maſter: that is without doting, pampring, familiarity. A man well pois'd in all humours, in whom nature ſhew'd moſt *Geometry*, and he hath not ſpoyl'd the Work. A man of more wiſedom than wittineſs, and brain than fancy; and abler to any thing than to make Verſes.

178. A suspicious, or Jealous man

IS one that watches himself a mischiefe, and keeps a lear eye still, for fear it should escape him. A man that sees a great deal more in every thing than is to be seen, and yet he thinks he seeks nothing: His own eye stands in his light: he is a fellow commonly guilty of some weaknesses, which he might conceale if he were cateleſſe: Now his over-diligence to hide them, makes men pry the more. Howsoever he imagines you have found him

him, and it shall goe hard but you must abuse him whether you will or no. Not a word can be spoke, but nips him somewhere: not a jest thrown out, but he will make it hit him; You shall have him goe fretting out of company, with some twenty quarrels to every man, stung and gall'd; and no man knowes lesse the occasion than they that have given it. To laugh before him is a dangerous matter, for it cannot be at any thing, but at him, and to whisper in his company plain conspiracy. *He bids you speak out, and he will answer you*, when you thought

not

not of him. He expostulates with you in passion, why you should abuse him, and explains to your ignorance wherein, and gives you very good reason, at last, to laugh at him hereafter. He is one still accusing others when they are not guilty, and defending himself when he is not accused: and no man is undone more with Apologies, wherein he is so elaborately excessive, that none will believe him; and he is never thought worse of, then when he hath given satisfaction: Such men can never have friends, because they cannot trust so farre: and

this

this humor hath this infection with it, it makes all men to them suspicious: In conclusion, they are men always in offence and vexation with themselves and their neighbours, wronging others in thinking they would wrong them, and themselves most of all, in thinking they deserve it.

FINIS.